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FEBRUARY  
1930



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in this issue  
"The House with  
the Cross-eyed Windows"



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# Along the Editor's Trail

WELL, I'm glad that's over!" Edith flopped into a chair and helped herself to a sandwich from a plate on the tea table. "You know," she continued, "I didn't eat a single bite at this tea party! And I had no lunch, either."

"Why the sudden aversion to food?" I asked, drawing my chair a little nearer the fire.

"I should never in the world have invited them here together!" she went on, and I knew she had not heard my question. "It was a silly thing to do, knowing how they always act, but I *did* think they would have the manners to—"

"I don't know what you're talking about. Suppose you explain who 'they' are and how 'they' always act," I interrupted.

"You mean to say you didn't notice!"

"I didn't have a chance to notice anything. Aunt Agatha grasped me firmly by the arm the minute I came into the room and talked settlements to me all afternoon."

"To think you didn't notice Mary and Louise!" Edith exclaimed. "Why, I thought everybody could feel the antagonism between them. It ruined my party for me. I didn't know from one minute to the next whether Mary was going to snap at Louise about something or whether Louise was going to ignore Mary."

"Don't they like each other?" I asked.

"No. But they're both my friends and I do think they might have made an effort to be civil to each other at my house, don't you?"

"That would have been only decent," I agreed.

"I never knew they could be so rude, either of them! They're really awfully nice girls—apart. Why, when Louise sat down, she happened to choose a seat next to Mary. As soon as she found out, she got up to move. Mary had the same idea



at the same time, and they bumped right into each other. Their voices were like cracked ice as they begged each other's pardon, and how they *did* glare!"

"Apparently neither of them knows the duties of a guest. They're as bad as Aunt Agatha."

"Why bring Aunt Agatha into it? Why do you compare

her to Mary and Louise?"

"Because she broke the first commandment—the first social commandment, which reads, 'Thou shalt not continually monopolize conversation talking about things which are of interest to thyself.' I haven't forgiven her for that lecture on settlements. I really thought she never *was* going to stop!"

"And Mary and Louise broke another commandment, I suppose?"

"They did. 'Thou shalt not think solely of thyself and thine own preferences and prejudices,'" I answered. "It isn't good manners."

"But that covers everything," cried Edith. "If Aunt Agatha hadn't thought only of herself, you wouldn't have had to listen to her all afternoon. And if Mary and Louise had forgotten themselves for a little while, they wouldn't have bothered being disagreeable. They would have become interested in something else."

"That's true. A good rule for guests—and hostesses, too—is to avoid being self-centered. After all, it's just another form of self-consciousness. Although I suppose Mary and Louise would be shocked at my saying that. They probably consider themselves rather well-poised."

Edith helped herself to a chocolate cream. "You know," she remarked thoughtfully, "there's a lot more in this good manners business than I imagined. There really is."

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor  
PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

## THE AMERICAN GIRL

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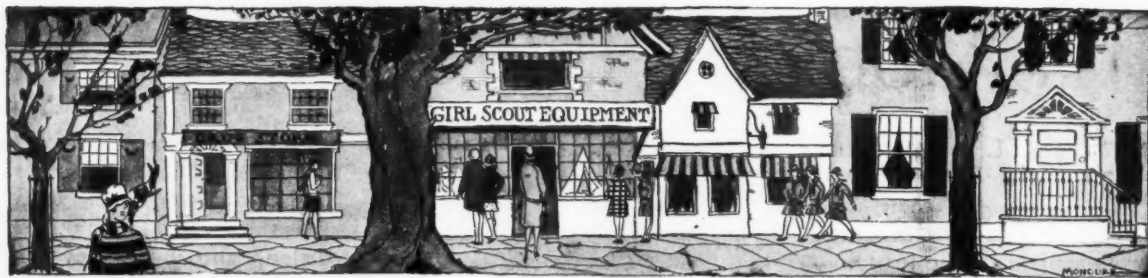
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## About That Contest

"OH, DEAR," said Mary Ellen. "Why, here it is January thirty-first and I've sent only six subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL Prize Contest. And I did so want that movie camera!"

"You really should have begun to work earlier," we told her sternly. "After all, you had plenty of time."

"Plenty of time! How can anyone have plenty of time around Christmas? First there were presents to make and then I had to get my Christmas cards ready, and then I made candy for a sale we gave for the benefit of an orphanage, and then came Christmas Day, with the whole family at our house."

"That's too bad, Mary Ellen, but—"

"If I only had a few more weeks! I know I could get a great many more girls to subscribe!"

"It's too bad you didn't have more time. But even if you don't win the camera or the radio or the traveling bag, you can keep right on sending in subscriptions and earn premiums, you know. Or you can join the Earn-Your-Own Club."

"That's what I'm going to do," said Mary Ellen. "I collected several last minute subscriptions during the last week in January and got them mailed before the thirty-first. But I know a great many girls who will like to have THE AMERICAN GIRL, and I'm going to ask them to subscribe even though the contest is closed."

"That's the spirit, Mary Ellen! There are still other things to be won. And there's still a one hundred per cent troop to be arrived at. Or are you already a hundred per cent AMERICAN GIRL subscribers?"

"We're not. But we're going to be if I have anything to say about it," replied Mary Ellen with determination. And when Mary Ellen is really determined about anything, there's no stopping her, as you know. We hope we have many Mary Ellens among our readers.

The winners of THE AMERICAN GIRL Prize Contest will be announced later. We send them our congratulations, whoever they may be. And to you who, like Mary Ellen, have tried and just missed winning, we send our thanks for your efforts, and wishes for better luck in the next contest.

In the meantime, there is still the Earn-Your-Own Club. If you don't know about this AMERICAN GIRL plan, write for information. And there is the premium plan, too. If you will write us that you are interested, we shall be glad to send you a list of premiums.

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## Well, of All Things!

**J**UST in case you didn't know it, we're going to school again. Every American girl does, and we see no reason why we should miss the fun. We've enjoyed the classes very much, thank you, especially the ones we attended with Jane Warren, of Ticonderoga, New York, and Betty Wynne, of Legion, Texas. You see, it happened this way. In November we were the proud possessors of a brand new story by Samuel Scoville, Jr. And as Jane writes, "The story, *A Wreath of Wild Olive*, was very interesting and it came in handy for I was just studying about the Greeks and Spartans, and about the Olympic games in 'History A'. I took it (that means us) to school and our teacher read it, to a much interested class." Then, you see, we had such a good time that we hopped over to Texas and stayed a while with Betty, who writes: "In the November number I was so pleased to find that interesting story, *A Wreath of Wild Olive*, because we are studying about the Greeks and their Olympic games in our history. It helped me so much."

**T**HEN we visited a public speaking class with Anna Vesek, of Jenners, Pennsylvania. Anna writes: "Besides just reading the article about famous women of today, I have found that they make very interesting talks for public speaking class in school. They take the place of dry current events. And one of my next talks is going to be about Mrs. Herbert Hoover."

**W**E HAVE had many tearful pleas for a column devoted to various kinds of hobbies. So, to please our readers, we're going to have one soon. This ought to be good news to Phyllis Redman, of Red Wing, Minnesota, who wrote us: "The only change that I would suggest is to have more articles on hobbies so those who are not interested in stamp collections will not be left out entirely."

**H**ERE is Barbara Beardslee, of Springfield, Vermont, who has an original hobby. You'd never guess that "whether it sounds interesting or not, my hobby is carpentry. You'd be surprised how much can be done by a girl, even though it sounds unusual to have the feminine gender laboring with hammer and saw. I have made curtain pulls, bookcases, what-nots, ship models, book ends, and at present I'm working on a Priscilla sewing cabinet for my mother's birthday. I have an idea that perhaps I

may go into the gift shop business and make wooden things to sell. It is a very profitable hobby, as your friends always want you to make things for them. And I find that I'm lots of help around the house in mending broken chairs and such things."

**W**E'RE going to let Alise Ghirardini, of Winchester, Massachusetts, tell you how to let THE AMERICAN GIRL help you surprise your mother. "About that article on setting the table, I think it's fun having that kind of thing. I showed it to my sister, and we asked Mother if we could fix the table for supper. I knew that she thought she would have to set it over, and when she said, 'yes', we felt so happy. Then we followed the complete instructions in the magazine, and Mother was so surprised. Then we told her about THE AMERICAN GIRL, and she hadn't noticed it much before." Alise goes on to give another suggestion on how to cheer up tired fathers. Try it some day! "The other night I wanted to cheer Daddy up. I showed him the jokes, and soon he was laughing hard."

**H**OW MANY of you had as much success in following the Christmas suggestions in THE AMERICAN GIRL as did Renette Schpak, of Aberdeen, South Dakota? She writes, "The article on making Christmas gifts was just what I needed. I am sure I wasn't the only girl wishing for something clever to give for Christmas which we could make ourselves and not have to spend a huge sum for."

**I** AM A GIRL WHO—continues to be popular. For instance, Gertrude Ginberg, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes us: "Something I like especially is *I Am a Girl Who*—I find their problems my

problems, and their solving of them a great help to me. I notice that you have omitted them for several issues. Won't you please try to have one in every issue?" And she goes on to say, "I am quite delighted with Hazel Rawson Cades' articles and the illustrations Katherine Shane makes for them. They're so helpful. I always find myself reading them over whenever some perplexing question turns up and getting help." Gertrude is one of our cover enthusiasts, too, as is Constance D. Lovell, of Portland, Oregon, who says that she thinks "that the illustrations, not only of the cover but of the whole magazine, deserve much more comment than they receive. They seem to express the spirit of the stories so well. I think the illustration for the poem page in the October issue is most beautiful. I would like to have some articles on paintings, on those which have achieved fame and on the later ones which are not so well known. Wouldn't it be lovely if the illustrations for these could be in color?"

**H**ELEN ELIZABETH KERR, of Maryville, Missouri, will be interested in Winifred Moses' suggestions for parties in this issue of the magazine. She says that it seems as if all parties are alike these days, and we're hoping that the February AMERICAN GIRL will help her out.

**O**PINIONS differ about the stories in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Phyllis Heard, of Yonkers, New York, for instance, writes: "Some time ago I read in *Well, of All Things!* the opinion of some one of the readers who thought THE AMERICAN GIRL stories were childish. I don't agree with her a bit, but I do think they might have plots just a bit more complicated." And Barbara Stamps, of Glendale, California, tells us that "the only criticism I could make is that some of the stories are slightly youthful and childish for us of high school age."

**M**ARJORIE IRONS, of Toms River, New Jersey, takes "especial delight in the stories. My favorite authors are Jane Abbott and Augusta Huiell Seaman. Can't we have more mystery stories? I think *Carmella Commands* was too long drawn out, and *Carmella* was too bold. But I do like *Red Coats and Blue*." In this issue appears the final installment of *Red Coats and Blue*. Write us what you think of the story. Did you like it? If you didn't, tell us why. We want to hear from all of you.

*When you buy from advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"*



"—and I forgot to mention stove polish, steel wool and a dust pan. Do you suppose they'll let me on the trolley with these?" She picked up a broom and a long-handled mop as she spoke and flourished them jauntily over her shoulder

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

*The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

Margaret Mochrie, Editor

February, 1930

*Beginning  
a new  
mystery  
serial by*

EDNA  
CLARK  
DAVIS



*Illustrations by  
Robb  
Beebe*

*The sun gleamed suddenly on the panes, giving the oval windows the effect of eerie, squinting eyes*

## The House with the Cross-eyed Windows

"THERE'S Robin coming now." Robert flung up the window with a vigorous sweep of his arm. Then in spite of the driving rain, he popped a tousled black head out as far as it was possible and whistled several bars of the old song, *Robin Adair*, with a piercing shrillness that made Allison clap her hands to her ears with a stifled exclamation.

"There, I knew that would hurry her," he announced complacently as the scarlet-clad figure broke into a run. "It's mighty handy, I can tell you, having a signal call like that when anything important is going on."

"Do put down that window unless you want us flooded," implored Allison hastily as a dash of rain made her pull Malcolm back in a hurry. "That's the most important thing now. But won't we have a lot to tell Rob when she gets here?"

"W-what ever is the m-matter?" The door opened with a crash that made them jump, and Robin's vivid face, becomingly framed in a scarlet rubber hat that matched her slicker, turned inquiringly toward the group by the couch as they spun about to face her. "Is it fire, famine, or pestilence?" she demanded rather breathlessly, as she paused to glance about the room which did present rather a

jumbled appearance, quite unlike its usual every-day spick and span tidiness. Something exciting must have happened!

Malcolm, with a squeal of delight, flung himself headlong upon her, unmindful of the dripping raincoat.

"What do you s'pose we're a-going to do?" he asked her joyously, as with a swoop Robert bore down upon him and forcibly held him back, while Robin peeled off the slicker and hat, and then sank down on the couch to hold a grand pow-wow with the youngest.

"What are we going to do? Why eat supper, to be sure. At least I hope so, for I'm nearly starved," Robin cast a hungry glance toward the kitchen as she spoke. "What are we going to have to eat, Allison?"

"Mighty little." Allison's tone was rather grim and Robin looked at her inquiringly. "It's pea soup and fried rice night, for the funds are dreadfully low," she confessed frankly. "I do think it's mean of folks to take music lessons from Mother and then wait, and wait, and *wait*, to pay her."

"That reminds me. Guess what I have?" With a dive, Robin pulled from the pocket of her dress two shining silver dollars and held them up for the admiring inspection of the others. "It's money. Real money. Pay for four lessons of coaching in algebra," she told them gleefully as she flipped



the money with accurate aim in Allison's lap. "For the family exchequer," she told her sister with a friendly grin.

"Rob, you're a peach. And so is Bob." Blonde Allison gave an admiring squeeze to each twin, and then sank into a dilapidated chair and rocked vigorously back and forth as she jingled the coins with satisfaction. "It makes me feel dreadfully to think I'm the only one not earning a penny. Here's Bob, working every afternoon after school and on Saturdays, and Rob coaching in algebra and English, while I—"

"Oh no! You don't do anything of course," burst out the twins at once with heavy sarcasm.

"Only dash home from school and clean—"

"And scrub and cook—"

"And mend and patch and darn—"

"And do all the mean old jobs about the house so Mummy can give as many music lessons as possible, and Rob and I can garner up the stray quarters and half dollars—whenever we get the chance," added Bob with vigor.

Times had been very hard for the Adairs ever since the father's death when Malcolm was only a few months old; and with four hearty children to raise and educate, Mrs. Adair had all she could do to make ends meet. When there weren't shoes to buy, there were doctor's bills to pay, or the potatoes and oatmeal would run low and the rent fall due. It often seemed to the busy, hard-working mother as if it were hurry, hurry, hurry, from morning until night, with the wolf of want always growling at the door to get in. The music lessons it took to get coal to keep them warm, milk that Malcolm must have to drink, and the other bare necessities of life that in the happy prosperous years gone by, she had always taken for granted.

"Is Mummy giving lessons this late?" inquired Robin in surprise as she raised her eyes to the battered old alarm clock on the desk and saw where the hands were pointing. "Just look at the time. No wonder I'm hungry. What ever can be keeping her?"

Allison looked at Bob. "You tell her," she murmured in a low tone. Bob looked understandingly at his twin.

Quick as a flash, Robin was on her feet, while the healthy rose color faded from her olive cheeks. "Is it bad news?" she faltered with anxious dark eyes fastened on her twin's face. "I was so busy jabbering that I never thought, but that was our council-of-war signal that you gave. Has anything happened—to Mummy?"

"No, no, goosey. Do sit down." Allison gave her sister a gentle push. "It's news—but it isn't bad news."

"Then what is it? You whistled." Robin puckered up her lips and faithfully imitated her brother's call. "And when you whistle that, it always means, 'Hurry up. There's important news.'" Robin looked injured.

"And so there is." Bob who had been prowling about the room, flung himself down by his twin and smiled provokingly. "Rob, we're going to move."

"Move? Where? When? What for? How can we afford to?" The questions poured out so rapidly that Allison giggled and smothered the sound with the hem of the gingham apron she was wearing.

Malcolm felt it was his turn to enter the conversation. "We're going to move, Robbie," he assured her with a solemn shake of his blond head, "to a 'state.'"

"A state? Do you mean to another state?" demanded Robin with an excited flounce. "Oh Bob, tell me."

"Well, it happened after you left for school yesterday morning, and as you stayed all night at Eleanor's so as

to coach her, of course you missed it all. Rob, Great-uncle Fergus MacDonald is dead." Bob stopped—impressively.

Robin sat up with a jerk. "Oh Bob! I don't call that, a death, good news," she reproached him. "Why, he was about the only relative we possessed."

"Still we hardly knew him, Robin. We never even saw him but the one time years ago when he dropped in unexpectedly to tea. I remember he scared me terribly because he was so gruff and—and—well, dour—in his manner; and his beard and hair were such a fiery red," Allison returned as she rocked violently to and fro.

"But what ever has the death of Uncle Fergus to do with moving?" asked Robin.

Allison could wait no longer. "It's 'cause he's left us everything he owned," she burst out eagerly with a little wriggle of excitement. "Not that it's so much," she added as an afterthought.

"Yes, don't exult too soon," Bob cautioned quickly with a glance at his twin's excited face, "for Mother went out to see the lawyer yesterday, and believe me, Great-uncle Fergus was a canny Scotsman. To the lawyer's knowledge, there isn't a penny that will come to us in money. Only an old tumbled down estate that hasn't been repaired in years and years, and is in a dreadful condition."

"Yes, a 'state, Robbie," echoed Malcolm clapping his hands and dancing about the room. "And that's where we're going to live."

"Do you mean to say that we're going to have an estate of our own?" demanded Robin incredulously.

Three heads nodded in unison with some due solemnity.

"Can't we sell it and make a lot of real money on it?"





"Can't be did, Robin Adair, at least not yet. One of the terms of the will is that we may not sell or rent for three years. Mother's gone out to inspect it today, that is why she is so late. Of course a roof over our heads, even if it is a leaky roof, will save us the rent we pay here," Robert ended briskly.

"Then, too, we can have a garden and raise vegetables to eat. That will help lots," added Allison with a sigh, as with a true housekeeper's instinct she thought of the hungry mouths to be fed.

"It's funny there isn't any money left at all. Everyone seemed to think Uncle Fergus was well-to-do, but—er—"

"Miserly," put in Allison who never minced matters.

"Yes, stingy and miserly and queer," Robin agreed thoughtfully. "Maybe there will be secret cupboards, or sliding panels, or something of the sort where we'll find his money hidden away."

"Things like that only happen in stories and movies," Bob declared wisely, "so don't go hoping for the impossible." He paused to listen to a brisk step outside and the rattle of a key in the lock.

"It's Mother," exclaimed four voices in chorus, and the little group sprang into instant action.

Such a bustle and confusion as there was then. Robin pounced upon her wet coat and umbrella and hung them away to dry, while Robert removed her overshoes and Allison skipped to the bedroom with her hat. Even Malcolm trotted across the room and carefully tucked away the well-worn music case on the shelf where it belonged, before flying back to crowd up on her lap and from that vantage point beam upon the others.

"Something smells so good," Mrs. Adair smiled suddenly as she sniffed the air appreciatively.

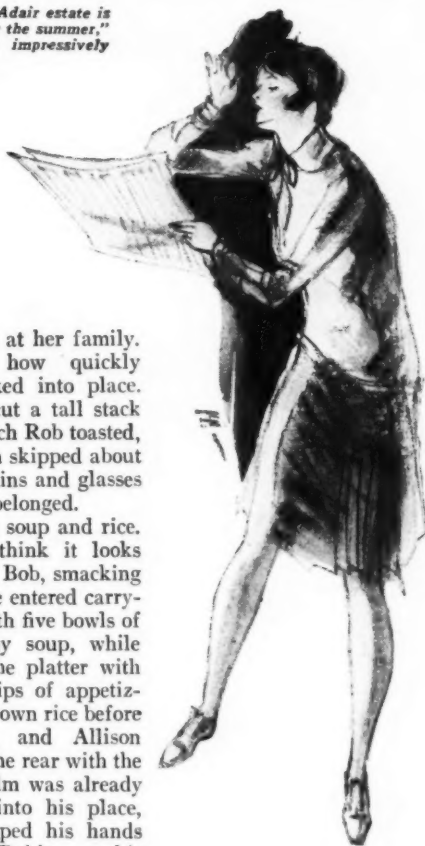
Something did smell very good indeed, and with a low murmur Allison hastily fled kitchenward to where the bubbling soup kettle was doing its very best to lift its cover right off.

"They've been telling me the news," Robin called as she dashed back and forth spreading the cloth on the scarred oak table and putting the knives and forks in place. "Isn't it exciting?"

"Don't tell about it, please, until I can come in and listen. Will you, Mummy?" implored Allison from the kitchen as she lifted a flushed face from over the pan where the thin strips of rice were sputtering and crackling in the hot fat.

"Of course not. Not a word do any of you hear, until we are all at the table together," Mrs. Adair assured her,

"The beautiful Adair estate is to be opened for the summer," Robin drawled impressively



with a smile at her family.

So, oh, how quickly things whisked into place. Bob neatly cut a tall stack of bread which Rob toasted, and Malcolm skipped about putting napkins and glasses where they belonged.

"Only pea soup and rice.

Oh my! I think it looks bully," cried Bob, smacking his lips as he entered carrying a tray with five bowls of thick, creamy soup, while Robin put the platter with its crisp strips of appetizing golden brown rice before her mother, and Allison brought up the rear with the toast. Malcolm was already clambering into his place, and he clapped his hands joyfully as Robin put his

before him. The small Malcolm was lord of his little manor.

"I just lo-ove pea soup" he sang out with satisfaction.

"Oh, I forgot the salt," Robin cried, making a dash for the closet. Then, as she slipped into her seat again, she raised pleading eyes to her mother's face.

"And now that the entire Adair family is before you, listening with intent and eager ears to hear the grand and glorious news, won't you take pity on our curiosity? Please tell us every little teeny-weeny thing about today," she begged eagerly, "and," she cast a droll look about the table as she brought out the impressive words, "about the Adair Estate."

## CHAPTER II

### *The Adair Estate*

"The Adair Estate indeed. Oh Robin, what a high-falutin name for it," ejaculated her mother with a sudden laugh as she rearranged Malcolm's bib. "It's more what Malcolm calls a 'state, for such a run down, ramshackle place I never did see. So don't let your imagination soar too high, my dear."

"Is it as bad as all that? Then I suppose it isn't possible for us to live there in spite of the terms of the will," Bob exclaimed anxiously. "I haven't been letting my imagination run away with me like Rob, but I did so hope it would at least be—er—"

"Livable," broke in Allison at once. "Oh Mummy, after I've been packing books and odds and ends and tearing the place to pieces generally, all afternoon, don't tell me we aren't going to move after all."

Allison's tone was so disconsolate that Mrs. Adair could not repress a smile. Allison was amusing when she was solemn.

(Continued on page 28)



A little old gentleman stood beaming on them through shining round spectacles. He looked exactly like a benevolent gentleman fairy appearing in answer to Rob's wish

# Steps to

By



Illustrations by  
Bernice Oebler

Good scarf-waving will give an excellent contour to the arms, shoulders and neck

THE feminine ideal of womanhood has returned to fashion. Skirts that were short, tight, and severely pleated are now long, full, and softly draped. Heads that were boyishly shorn are now covered with long, lustrous locks again. Everybody always liked feminine girls better anyway, but during the campaign for women's rights we felt we had to show ourselves quite equal to the boys, even to the tailoring of our erstwhile fluffy lingerie. But that's all over, thank goodness! We are all emancipated now so we can enjoy being our charming feminine selves again without any fear of being thought mid-Victorian or incapable.

It is because the feminine ideal has triumphed that dancing is now considered the perfect physical education for women. Too many heavy sports are apt to make a girl too husky, so to speak, in both mind and body. The dance, on the other hand, at the same time that it gives health and recreation, emphasizes symmetry of body, grace of movement, beauty of expression, and most of all that gracious ease of personality that comes only when the mind and body are thoroughly coordinated.

The dance as physical education is not really a new idea. The ancient Greeks used the dance to develop the bodies that have made them justly famous to all posterity for strength and beauty. Many centuries later the Russians reintroduced the dance as physical education. Their famous Russian ballet really originated as training for the young noblemen of that country. An Italian ballet master was imported to teach the young aristocrats the dignity of bearing, the precision of movement, and the social

grace so necessary to their exalted position at court.

Here in our own country the dancing masters of our grandmothers and even our mothers were intrusted with the teaching of social manners and deportment as well as the actual dance instruction.

But the old order passes and makes way for new ideas and broader viewpoints. We believe today that our bodies express our personalities. People see us first, and before we have time to tell them what we stand for, they judge us on our appearance. The girl with round shoulders gives an impression of weariness, weakness and discouragement, while the girl with flat shoulders and chest held high inspires us immediately with confidence. We feel instinctively that she is a leader.

We can all be the sculptors of our bodies if we are willing to spend the time and energy. Let's stand in front of the mirror and see how we can make ourselves look more like human masterpieces.

Our feet are the foundation on which we build the statue of our bodies. In this generation we abuse our feet more than any other part of our anatomy. They get no chance at all to be natural. That is why barefoot dancing is so excellent for them. It gives them a chance to move the way they were meant to move without the restriction of shoes. Tonight, before you go to bed, walk around on the rug for a while in your bare feet and see how wonderful it feels. Then take a good look at your feet. Are they as pretty as they should be? Are the toes well-shaped and smooth, or are they twisted and scarred with ugly corns and callouses? Now look at your arches. We were all meant to

have high arches but some of us have let these graceful structures fall until we have that painful and ugly condition known as flat feet. This breaking down of the arches also causes the ankle to get thick and puffy. But no matter how broken and distorted our feet are, we can always improve them with proper care, correct shoes, and plenty of exercise.

To strengthen arches, spring up and down on the feet without ever quite leaving the floor, as shown in the drawing at the bottom of page ten. But be sure your feet are together and pointing straight ahead. As you rise up and down on the toes be sure to keep the weight always on the outside of the feet and make no noise at all. Now try walking on the outside of your feet. Notice how it lifts up the arch under the foot. Now walk more naturally but try to keep the arch lifted up under the foot. Remember to do this even when you have your shoes on, but also remember that a couple of hours a week of barefoot dancing will do wonders toward making the foot strong, flexible and highly arched.

Now we come to our knees. How



On your toes for arches

# Health and Grace

LUCILLE MARSH

necessary pretty legs are in this age and generation! Even though the dresses are getting longer, they are long here and short there; and sports clothes are still fairly short all the way around. Then there is the summertime when we spend so much time in our brief bathing suits.

Beautiful knees are strong knees. Stand in front of the mirror, bend your knees and turn them out, keeping your feet straight ahead all the time. Now walk toward the mirror watching your knees to see that they are turned out at every step, but be sure that the feet are kept straight ahead. This was one of the secrets of the ancient Greeks for developing beautiful symmetrical legs. It is true that the combination of the strong, turned-out knee with the foot pointing straight ahead gives fine results. Just remember to practice this for a few days when you're walking and you'll soon find that you have accomplished this fine habit.

Dancing gives us the necessary exercise that we lack in our daily program. We weren't made to walk sedately through life. Our muscles were meant to have exercise. Running, skipping, leaping, are necessary to develop shapeliness in our legs, and dancing gives us the best possible opportunity for this joyous, beautifying activity.

Try skipping with knees high as shown in the drawing at the top of this page. At the same time stretch the body up and reach as high as you can with your arms. This lifts the abdomen and helps to make the waist and hips shapely. Even though you have not a great deal of space to practice in, you can always do this high knee skip without moving from the place where you began.

If you have more space, the leap is a splendid exercise for the legs and hips. First stand and stretch up as high as you can. Keeping your body lifted in this way, start with little leaps at first and gradually work up to big heroic leaps. You can pretend you are leaping over a brook. At each leap the brook can get wider until you are stretching the legs to their complete extension. The drawing at the bottom of the page illustrates this.

There is one great caution, however, that you must always observe in the leap, or you will do yourself more harm than good. You must always land lightly. Not a sound should be heard as you come down. Try pretending you are flying and hold your breath until you have landed safely and lightly. Be very careful to land on the outside of the feet. The first exercise given for strengthening the arches is an excellent way to prepare for the leap.

One of the finest qualities of movement that the leap teaches is lightness. We all think people graceful when they are light on their feet. There is a little trick about appearing to have no weight at all on your feet. Try raising the body off the legs. Try walking this way with no weight at all on the feet. Now, pick up your weight and run. With the weight still held off the legs, bound into your leap. You should feel as light and fleet as a feather-winged arrow flying through space.

Of course, acrobatic dancing gives the body great flexibility and strength. But there is

great danger in acrobatic dancing unless we are taught by a teacher who not only knows dancing but who also has studied all about the bones, muscles and organs of the human body. Many girls have injured themselves for life trying to learn these stunts by themselves or under the direction of a teacher who hadn't the proper medical training. It is not worth while to run the risk of making oneself permanently weak and ugly just to try a few stunts.

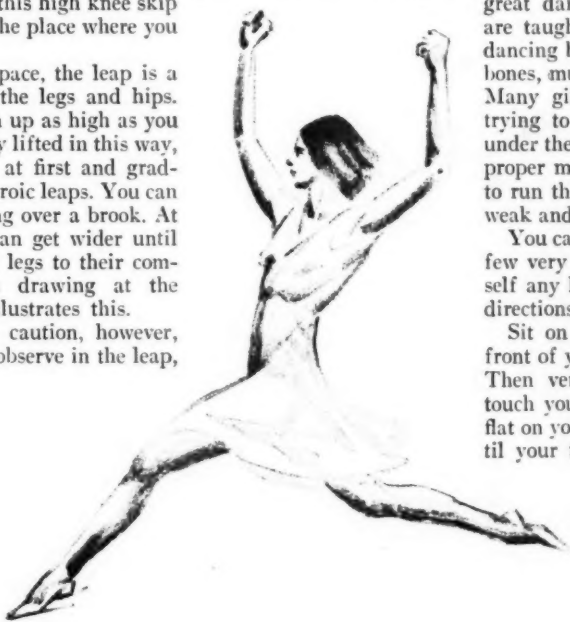
You can, however, keep yourself flexible by a few very simple exercises without doing yourself any harm if you will follow the following directions carefully.

Sit on the floor with your legs straight in front of you. Stretch up as you did in the skip. Then very slowly bend forward and try to touch your head to your knees. Now lie down flat on your back and raise both legs slowly until your toes touch the floor in back of your head. Be sure never to strain or force your muscles. Keep trying gently every day and you will be surprised how much you improve in a short time. Remember, forcing yourself will only tense your muscles and make them less and less flexible.

Now let us consider the arms and neck. The muscles here must be firm and well molded but they must also give a feeling of softness. The most beautiful necks, arms and shoulders I have ever seen were those of Loie Fuller's  
(Continued on page 40)



Skipping, with knees high, develops grace



The leap teaches you one of the finest qualities of bodily movement—lightness

# Miss George Washington

By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

*Illustrations by Ruth King*

IT'S a blizzard, that's certain," admitted Georgena Hunt, turning away from the window with a little shiver, to saunter back to the couch before a roaring fire. "Isn't it, Pym?"

The spare, silent woman knitting in one corner of the library, looked up; but before she could give her customary brusque nod, Prue, who was from California, uttered an excited shriek.

"A real blizzard! Oh, how grand!"

Pym gave a little grunt which might have meant anything and which probably meant the scorn registered upon Georgena's face, as she exclaimed:

"Goodness, you've never endured a blizzard or you wouldn't say that!"

"Of course I haven't endured a blizzard, as you call it!" Prue retorted. "That's one of the things I've come east to see!"

"Well, you'll see one, all right," said her cousin grimly. "Won't she, Pym?"

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Pym briefly. She knitted on for a moment, then folded her work, rose, and abruptly left the room.

"Is she mad at anything?" whispered Sue May, as soon as the door had closed quietly behind Pym. Sue May was from the South and had not as yet recovered from her surprise at having had "the maid," as she had termed Pym, sit down at the foot of Doctor Hunt's table and calmly pour the tea at meals.

Georgena laughed, now. "That's just her way, silly!" she returned affectionately. "You just can't get used to these

queer, silent mountain people, can you, Sue May?"

Sue May sighed, while Helen, her roommate at Fallon Hall, laughed.

"No," said Sue May honestly, "I just can't! Most every day at school, I'm sure I've offended someone, because I'm used to having folks visit with me when I'm around!"

"Poor Sue May!" said Georgena gaily. "But never mind, you'll get used to our ways after awhile. And Pym would feel terribly if she thought you were afraid of her. Why, she's the most gentle, sympathetic soul in the world, beneath her short manner."

"Maybe so," sighed Sue May.

Meanwhile, Pym eyed the patient she had just admitted to Doctor Hunt's office.

"Better get thawed out," she advised, not unkindly. "I'll call the doctor."

She hurried across the hall and poked her head into the room where Doctor Hunt was enjoying, as a rare treat, a magazine before the fire. "Patient, sir," she announced.

Doctor Hunt rose, with a laugh and a regretful yawn. "I can't escape them, even on Washington's Birthday, can I?"

"Nor on my birthday, which is more important," said Georgena's voice. She laughed, as she shoved Pym gently aside and entered her father's room; but her eyes were anxious. "Now, Dad, you won't let anyone take you out tonight, will you?" she coaxed. "Not on my birthday night?"

"You know people have a habit of getting sick, even on birthdays," he said, bending from his great height to kiss her as he passed her on the way to the door. "By the way," he paused, "where have you and your guests been all morning? I haven't heard a sound since I came home. That used to mean mischief, when you were little."

"Dad!" protested Georgena. "I guess you forget I'm fifteen years old to-day! We've been busy," she added. "Helen was upstairs, making beds, Sue May was dusting the furniture, Prue and I were busy helping Pym—"



*It was like walking ahead blindfolded and—with the wind snatching her breath from her—gagged as well. Twice, Georgena ran into the picket fence*



"I wonder," said Doctor Hunt, in a worried voice and with a quick glance over his shoulder at the closed kitchen door, "if you had noticed anything wrong with Pym? Has she complained to you of not feeling well lately?"

"Why, no, Dad," answered Georgena, in a surprised tone. Instant anxiety leaped into her eyes, so that her father, scolding himself for having spoken to her, made a careless gesture and turned toward his office.

"She's doubtless just tired," he remarked. "I just thought she was more silent than usual, that's all."

"Dad," giggled Georgena, reassured by her father's tone, "that's impossible and you know it!" And she went gaily off to the library.

A moment later, Doctor Hunt paused upon the library threshold and glanced around smilingly, for the old room rang with laughter. But Georgena's eyes caught sight of her father's muffled attire and her own mirth strangled into instant soberness.

"Oh, Dad," she cried reproachfully, "you aren't going out on any horrid, old call, after all, are you? On my birthday! And in this storm!"

"Why, Uncle George!" Even Prue's voice was reproachful. "I thought you always and always saved Georgena's birthday night!"

"There are exceptions to every custom," replied Doctor Hunt, a little grimly. He gently removed the clinging hands Georgena had clamped upon his arm. "I have to go, dear," he said decidedly, in response to her appeal. "That man in the office—Frank Wilson, it is, is the engineer up at Sloan's Quarry. There's been an accident—some dynamite, stored too carelessly, exploded awhile ago and several men were badly injured. The telephone line is down—probably torn down by the force of the explosion—and Frank had to come down for help, even though he was hurt a little, too. I'm going back with him, or, rather, I'll follow him in my car. And I won't be back until some time tomorrow, because it will be hard work getting through Great Notch before the snow-plow goes through and because some of the injured men may need my help through the night. So that Pym, here," he glanced up at the latter as she came in with his fur cap and gloves, "will see that your birthday celebration goes ahead as usual. Won't you, Pym?"

"Yes, sir," said Pym, without a smile, handing the doctor his belongings.

"You've *always* saved my birthday night before, Dad!" choked Georgena.

"But I can't this time, and so you must make the best of it," said her father quietly.

"Aren't there any other doctors in town?" asked Helen, when the flurry of the doctor's departure had died down and they were all back before the fire.

Georgena, straining her ears to catch a last sound of her father's car, answered absently. "There is another one—old Doctor Sandford; but he spends all of his winters in Florida and his summers in Maine. It isn't a very big town, you know. Of course Dad is kept pretty busy; but he has always given up office hours on my birthday night. It's nice having it on Washington's Birthday, because I'm always home from boarding school then."

"You mean, it's nice Fallon Hall is near enough to home so that you can get there," put in Prue a little enviously, thinking of her own far-away home in the West.

"And you mean, it's nice that Georgena invited us to

share her home this holiday," Helen quickly interrupted.

"That's what I do mean." And Prue nodded good-naturedly at her.

"Tell me," said Sue May indolently, after a little pause, her eyes upon the guest towel Helen's busy fingers were embroidering, "is it really true your name is George Washington Hunt, instead of Georgena? I've always wanted to ask you that," she added, "and never dared until I knew you better."

Georgena chuckled. "And now you feel that you know me well enough?"

"Oh, yes. Two years of boarding school is ten years elsewhere!" said Sue May solemnly.

"Shall I tell her, Prue?" Georgena's gaze traveled to her cousin's merry face.

"You have my permission," laughed Prue.

Georgena drew herself up. "It is true," she announced, with mock dignity.

Sue May stared at her delightedly. "Really!" she exclaimed, her eyes round. "Isn't that too lovely for words, having a man's name like that! How'd it happen?"

Georgena's face sobered. "It happened because my mother never knew that I wasn't the son she had wanted. Before she died, she made Dad promise to name me George Washington Hunt, Junior. He couldn't make me a junior; but he did name me George Washington, in defiance of all precedent. When I went away to school, I changed the name into Georgena, myself."

"Well, of course there have been women who took the name of George," said Helen hurriedly. "George Eliot and George Sand, for instance. They were both women, weren't they?"





Georgena picked up the napkin with a tantalizing slowness and uncovered a ring set with a sparkling aquamarine. "Father's present!" she exclaimed. There was a chorus of admiration from the other three girls at the table

"Are you related to George Washington?" asked Sue May, leaning forward in her interest. "Are you really?"

Georgena hesitated. She had never heard of relationship to the famous American. Yet, on the other hand she had never heard that it did not exist, she told herself.

"Yes," she said slowly, now. "I believe we are related."

Prue sat up straight in her corner of the couch. "Why, I never heard that," she cried, looking at her cousin incredulously.

"There are probably a lot of things you've never heard," retorted Georgena, with a dignity made the heavier by her own qualms. "It's on Dad's side—not on yours."

"Well, it seems to me Uncle George would have spoken about it," persisted Prue, in her blunt fashion. "And I've never heard him mention it."

Georgena shrugged and changed the subject and Prue relapsed into silence. But more than once, Georgena felt her cousin's disbelieving gaze upon her face and was piqued accordingly.

Sue May cleared her throat. "Tell me," she began.

Georgena suddenly laughed. "I know what you're going to ask me to tell you," she interrupted. "It was about Pym, wasn't it?"

"Why, yes," Sue May's face was a study in amazement. "How'd you know?"

Again Georgena shrugged. "Just a guess," she replied quietly. "Well, let's see. Dad sent for Pym the night I was born. She used to live up above the Quarry, with an old woman who was her stepmother, when she wasn't out nursing. It was a night like this one," Georgena glanced toward the window, where a wild gale of ice and snow beat against the glass. "Afterwards, Pym never liked any-

one to tell about her being a heroine, because she truly was one in keeping her promise and coming down through Great Notch, Dad says. He says, too," Georgena looked slowly around the circle of interested faces, "that I would have died if Pym hadn't come through that terrible storm to take care of me."

"And she's been here ever since." It was more a statement than a question from Helen.

Georgena nodded, then started slightly. "Why, I didn't see you standing there, Pym," she exclaimed. "When did you come into the room?"

"Just now," answered Pym, stooping to pick up a pillow Sue May had dropped. "Supper's ready," she added brusquely, turning to lead the way stiffly back to the dining room.

Upon the threshold, all the girls stopped involuntarily, for the room was dazzling from the light of many candles, and Pym had done herself proud in the way of decorations. In the center of the supper table blazed Georgena's birthday cake, with its fifteen candles. No one would have guessed, from Pym's wooden expression, the adoring love with which that cake had been beaten, nor the anxious affection which had placed those candles upon its iced top just so. But Georgena knew whose tender thought had made a mysterious, buncy affair out of her napkin and she glanced up at her old nurse as she took her place. It struck her, then, that Pym looked haggard and tired; but in the excitement which followed, there was no opportunity to ask her if she were.

"Hurry up, old slow-poke!" cried Sue May, sliding into her seat. "I've simply got to see what's under that nap-

(Continued on page 34)

# For Special Occasions

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

*Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion*

*Illustration by Katherine Shane*

NEVER have parties seemed more party-ish than now; for frocks are fluffy, and dressing up in long skirts is quite the thing to do. They say that older women do not welcome this fashion of trailing skirts which add to their apparent age. But for you young ones to whom looking older is an ambition rather than a calamity, I'm sure the new frocks must be as fascinating as Mother's dresses were when at six years, or maybe eight, you used to dress up and play lady.

If one is buying a party frock in February it's a good plan always to take a peek around and see what sort of clothes are being sold to go south to Palm Beach or the West Indies. Very often these clothes forecast summer styles pretty accurately, and of course you want the frock you buy now to last through.

I've seen a lot of chiffons, printed and plain, some flowered taffeta and quite a lot of lace, which they say will be very good. And never have pastel shades been more popular.

I like the idea of the little coats to go with the party frocks. They are rather short, to contrast with the long skirts, and they may be of matching chiffon or lace or of chiffon velvet in a harmonizing or brightly contrasting shade. These little coats are unlined and really are used to complete the costume harmoniously quite as much as for warmth. Heavier lined wraps are cut along much the same lines and worn pulled in about the hips with the long skirts billowing beneath them. They may be untrimmed or collared with white or beige rabbit (lapin). The little black coats with white fur were popular this winter, particularly over white evening dresses. For spring and summer the lighter shades to match or give color contrast to the frock will probably be worn.

Metal slippers, dyed to match or to complement the dress have been very popular, but are quite formal and more suitable for older girls. Looking toward warm weather, I should suggest, rather, crêpe slippers dyed to harmonize with the costume.

There is really charming costume jewelry to supplement almost every frock. I like particularly the strings of semi-precious stones—amethyst, jade, coral, topaz or rose quartz. Clear crystal is lovely with white or any pale color, and some of the twisted strands of crystal and other semi-precious stones are charming. If you can't have real stones, there are clever imitations that do excellently.

One of the important things to remember in choosing costume jewelry is to suit the lines of your necklace to the lines of your dress. Sometimes a tiny strand of pearls is all that a neckline will stand and sometimes you'll find that a long string of beads complements the lines of a dress better. I have seen necklines, too, that were quite perfect in themselves. Whereupon I suggest wearing a bracelet and letting the necklace go completely.

Never wear more than one or two pieces of jewelry at a time. Knowing what to leave off is really more difficult than knowing what to put on. If you're in doubt about a certain piece of jewelry, don't wear it! It's very much safer.

What to wear under your party frock is always of great importance. Sheer frocks should never be worn over underwear of contrasting color, if there's the least chance of the underwear showing. Flesh is always safest unless you have underwear that exactly matches the dress. If you must wear bright-colored contrasting underwear, I suggest that you remove the bright shoulder straps, and substitute flesh-colored ones, which are less objectionable. All frocks with necks cut out should be fitted with little straps at the shoulder seams which may be snapped around lingerie straps to keep them from slipping into view.

Most dresses come with slips attached, which simplifies dressing. Favorite evening underwear consists either of a low-cut chemise, or of matching panties and brassière. Little ribbon garter belts come in pastel shades to complete the costume harmoniously.

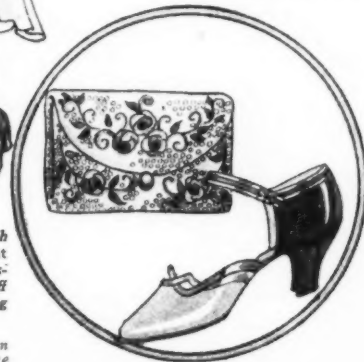
Colored chiffon handkerchiefs are favorite evening accessories. They come inexpensively with rolled edges or at greater cost, with lace or monograms. Some kind of little bag is necessary to hold handkerchief and powder and I like the small envelopes of beads or brocade which are amusing replicas of businesslike daytime purses.

I have chosen for you this month one of the new frocks in pale green *point d'esprit* with characteristic long skirt and the very new puff sleeves. The little coat, quite short, to contrast with the length of skirt, is also green and the crêpe slippers have been dyed to match. The pocketbook is of fine pearl beads with tiny rose and green flower decoration. A flesh-colored chiffon handkerchief would be charming, and if I owned one, I'd wear with this particular frock a tiny string of twisted pearls around my neck.



A short coat to match this frock of green *point d'esprit* with characteristic long skirt and puff sleeves looks charming

Dress, coat, and bag from Saks, Herald Square





## A Story of the Northwest

By MORDA SLAWSON

# Gold

O H-H, Susannah, don't you cry for me, 'Cause I'm goin' out to Oregon with my banjo on my knee."

Christina MacDonald's clear, vibrant young voice rang out joyously. Her thick, shiny black braids bobbed on her back and her blue eyes sparkled as she sent Ville, her bay pony, ahead at a faster pace.

It was springtime on the plains. The sun was bright overhead; the air keen and sparkling. Riding her own fast pony, accompanying her father on a long and interesting journey—what more could a girl want for happiness? Especially such a girl as Christina, who had lived all her sixteen years on the rolling plains and in the forests of what is now northeastern Washington.

They had left four days before from Fort Colville where her father, Angus MacDonald, had been for many years chief trader of the Hudson Bay Company. A few more miles and they would reach the Snake River. Here they hoped to be in time to catch the steamer *Idaho* on her down river trip.

"Don't you cry for me!" burst out Christina again from sheer exuberance of spirit. "Get along, Ville. Look out for rattlers holes." She swung half around in her saddle to wave a gay hand at her father.

"Where was he?" She whirled her pony about and, all her gayety quenched, dashed back to where her father was lying on the ground, the black horse on its haunches beside him. Both of them seemed to be injured.

"Father, where are you hurt? What happened?" she cried as she knelt beside him and found a trickle of blood running down his head. She looked wildly for a possible assailant who might have shot her father from behind but no one was in sight over all the broad expanse of plain. Then as the horse struggled to its feet she saw that one of her father's legs which had been caught under the animal was queerly twisted. She tried to straighten it and the pain this caused brought her father back to consciousness.

"Christina," he groaned.

"Here I am, Father. How can I help you?" The girl raised his head and shoulders as she spoke and made her neckerchief into a soft pad to stop the flow of blood from his head. His eyes opened and he struggled to a sitting position. Carefully he bent over and felt of his leg.

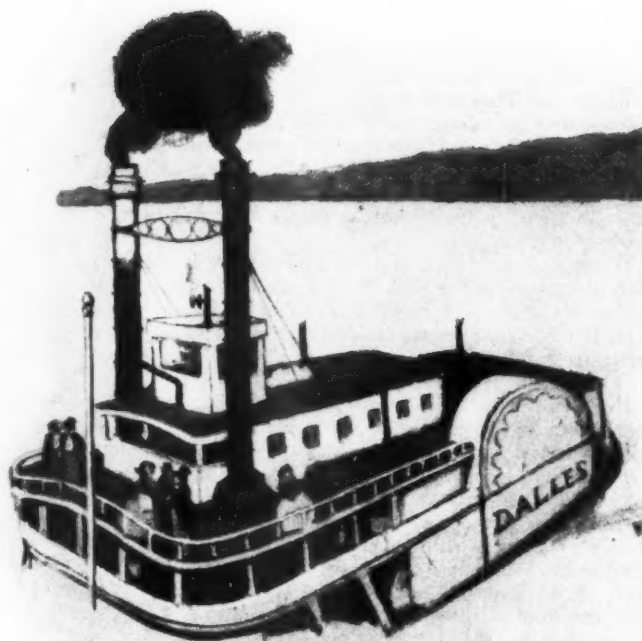
"Well, girl, these rattler holes have laid me out. It's broken all right. What's the matter with my head?"

"You must have hit a rock. I thought first someone had shot you from behind. How did Blackie ever come to stumble?"

"My own fault. Wasn't tending to business—and I'd warned you against this stretch of country. Wasn't your fault, Black, old boy," as the horse came up to put a black velvety nose lovingly on its master's shoulder. "My mind was several hundred miles away at Portland. And now, how am I to get there?"

"When will the *Idaho* go down again, if we miss her today?"

"Not for three days at least, and that's too late. I've promised to be in Portland by then. And the gold dust must



be in Johnson's hands by Friday to settle my accounts with the company. We're still ten miles away from the river."

"If I could find some willows, I could make a framework to swing between the horses," cried Christina. "Old Molly taught me how."

"Take too long," decided her father. "No, Christina, you must represent the MacDonald family in Portland—and you must get there on time. No one can say that Angus MacDonald has ever broken his word. Find some sticks to whittle for splints and help me set my leg. Then ride for the boat. Just before you reach the river you will find the little shack of Antone Plant. Send him back for me."

Hobbling the horses Christina searched about and finally in a dry coulee found some willow branches for splints. Out of her saddle bag came one of her best white cambric petticoats for bandages. She made a rude tent from saddle and saddle blanket to protect her father from the sun. The broken leg was set, carefully wrapped and propped on a saddle bag. Placing water, food, and loaded rifle close at hand, Christina knelt down to get last instructions.

"Bless you, girl," said her father hoarsely, looking into her resolute, blue eyes so like his own. "What would I be doing now if you hadn't begged to come on this trip! Here are the dispatches for the company meeting. You understand these are particularly important because Johnson, chief factor, is settling the company's affairs with the United States government. I have made a complete report of business at the post for the last twenty years. The gold dust, as you know, is in the black bag and must go through to settle up all the debts that I owe to the company."



# Dust

Illustrations by  
Lowe Biedenmeister



*Her joy turned to dismay when she learned the boat might be there for another day*

was shining directly on the boat. Her small figure high up on the rocks would be lost in the glares. Snatching up several handfuls of bunch grass, she succeeded in lighting a signal fire. Satisfied that the column of smoke would be seen against the clear, blue sky, she ran back to where she had left her pony, swung into the saddle, and hurried as fast as she dared along the narrow, winding trail to the landing.

On the way she passed the shack and corrals of Antone. No one responded to her pounding and she rode on. She would ask the captain to wait while she found the Frenchman. The trail came out suddenly on a sloping, gravelly bank and, seated idly on the rude dock, was the man for whom she was looking.

"Oh, Antone, I'm so glad you're here. I was looking for you."

"Why, Miss Christina, where do you come from and what makes you look so worried?" for Christina did look troubled.

Quickly she told him of her father's accident and where she had left him.

"But of course I will find the Factor MacDonald. This very night he shall sleep in my own cabin. Have no fear. But you, you go on alone?"

"Yes, Father says I must get to Portland by Friday. This is Tuesday afternoon. Do you know the captain of the *Idaho*?" pointing to the boat which was slowing down in midstream, preparatory to running alongside the dock.

"A fine boy, Captain Will Turner. He will look out for you. I will speak to him."

"And, Antone, Father said for me to wear these clothes and pretend to be a boy."

The man's eyes twinkled. "Oho, so it is Master Christian MacDonald this trip. Never mind, I will whisper in Will's ear."

"Hello, there!" came a clear hail from the boat. "Are you wantin' to take a ride with me, Tony, that you set an Indian fire on the cliff?"

"No, but I'll give you one fine passenger." In a moment the boat was alongside and Christina went aboard, laden with her saddle bags, the black bag, and her own small rifle.

"Take care of Ville for me," she called back. "Tell Father not to worry."

"Can I help you?" She turned to find beside her Captain Will Turner, a fine, stalwart boy, not so many years older than herself. The slight twinkle in his eye convinced her that if Antone had not whispered her secret, the cap-

"Everyone knows you carry dust in that black bag," suggested the girl. "Why couldn't I put my clothes in it and change the dust to my saddle bags?"

"Good," approved her father. "And I've been thinking, Christin', that it might be a good thing for you to wear your boy's clothes on that boat." He looked her up and down approvingly as she stood before him, slim and self-reliant, clad in buckskin breeches and shirt. "If you can tuck those long braids of yours under the cap, you might pass as a boy, and it would be better, traveling alone. Keep your rifle ready if you have to stay at Wallula all night. Captain Ainsworth will be looking for us at The Dalles. You can trust him."

"I hate to leave you here alone."

"Don't worry about me. Set your mind on catching the *Idaho*. And look out for rattler holes," he called jokingly as she swung into the saddle. With a gallant wave of her hand she was off across the trackless tableland, headed for the dim line on the horizon which marked the bluffs of the winding Snake.

It was only a little more than an hour later when Christina was peering over a rocky cliff. Several hundred feet below her foamed and raged the waters of the Snake, higher than usual because of melting snow in the Idaho mountains. Gray-blue smoke curling up—then from around the bend above the little steamer *Idaho* puffed into view.

Christina waved and called frantically. She must make the boat see her now or it would be past the landing place before she could reach the shore. But the afternoon sun

tain had guessed it. She looked around and, seeing no one within hearing, concluded to tell the truth about herself.

"Yes. I am Christina MacDonald of Fort Colville. My father was hurt, coming to the boat. I must get these bags safely to Portland. Can you lock them up for me till we get to Wallula?"

"Of course. Better yet—you may sit in the pilot house and watch them yourself."

Christina found it pleasant to sink back into a chair and, with the bags under her feet, relax her vigilance for the moment and watch the constantly changing vista ahead, as the *Idaho* nosed down the curving stream.

"When can I get a boat out of Wallula?" she asked after a time, her mind once more on the journey ahead.

"We may be able to catch the *Robert E. Lee* on her way to Celilo. If we don't, I'll take you to a friend of mine for the night. You mustn't go to the hotel."

As the afternoon sun sank lower, Christina's head began to nod and she fell asleep in her chair. The three days' ride had been hard, though she was accustomed to long hours in the saddle. Even the bustle and confusion of unloading freight and passengers at the Wallula dock failed to waken her until after Captain Will had left, locking her in. The shrill crack of a whip and bellow of a stage driver to his horses as the lumbering coach swung past the dock brought her up with a cry. It took her several minutes to realize where she was, and then, when she found the door locked, she was thoroughly frightened. She rattled the knob loudly and was debating whether to shoot the lock off or break one of the windows when she saw the youthful captain coming up the deck.

"Have a good sleep?" was his pleasant greeting as he unlocked the door. Christina was suddenly ashamed of her fears and glad she had not broken one of his pilot windows. "Hope you weren't scared at finding the door locked. I always lock it and besides, I didn't want any of these wild prospectors coming up here and finding you alone. I had a boatload of Idaho diggers. Been snowed in for the winter and are comin' out now to stock up on grub for the summer. Don't like the looks of some of 'em."

"Has the *Lee* gone yet?" asked the girl.

"No. Say, if you'll wait until tomorrow maybe I can get the mate to take the *Idaho* back up river, and I'll go down with you. Don't like the idea of your traveling alone with this bunch of miners. Too much liquor aboard."

For a moment Christina was on the point of accepting.

But no, her father had relied on her to take his messages through at once. Waiting until tomorrow might make her late.

"You are very kind to offer to help," she said earnestly. "But I must go on tonight. It would break Father's heart if I didn't get there on time."

"Well, then, we'll go ashore and get a bite of supper before the *Lee* goes." So Christina swung her long legs over a bench in front of a rude counter at the log hotel on the river bank and ate bacon and beans with a row of prospectors, cowboys, Indians, and river men.

"Hope I don't look as excited as I feel," she thought, her cheeks glowing with the fun of the adventure as she tried to swagger out of the door as a boy would have done, her rifle held loosely in the crook of her arm.

The *Robert E. Lee* was rapidly filling with a motley crowd of travelers when Captain Will and Christina came aboard. The former sought out the captain and discovered he was sick and his place taken by the first mate. That individual laughed loudly when asked for a private room with a lock on the door.

"Ain't a lock on the boat 'cept the pilot house and the captain's own room. Who's this kid, anyway, that he has to be so private like?"

Will Turner's eyes flashed fire. "I'm tellin' you this kid is someone important, and if you value your job, you better act civil. Ever hear of old Angus MacDonald at Fort Colville? This kid belongs to him and he's on special business. Now, how about the captain's room? Who's got that?"

"Figurin' on usin' it myself."

"Quit figurin' and give me the key." The young captain's reputation as a fighter did away with any chance of an argument. When Turner quitted the boat he left Christina

locked in the captain's room with the key in her possession.

"The boat'll get into Celilo early," he told her before leaving, "but you stay locked in your room till daylight. Don't open the door tonight for anything less than fire."

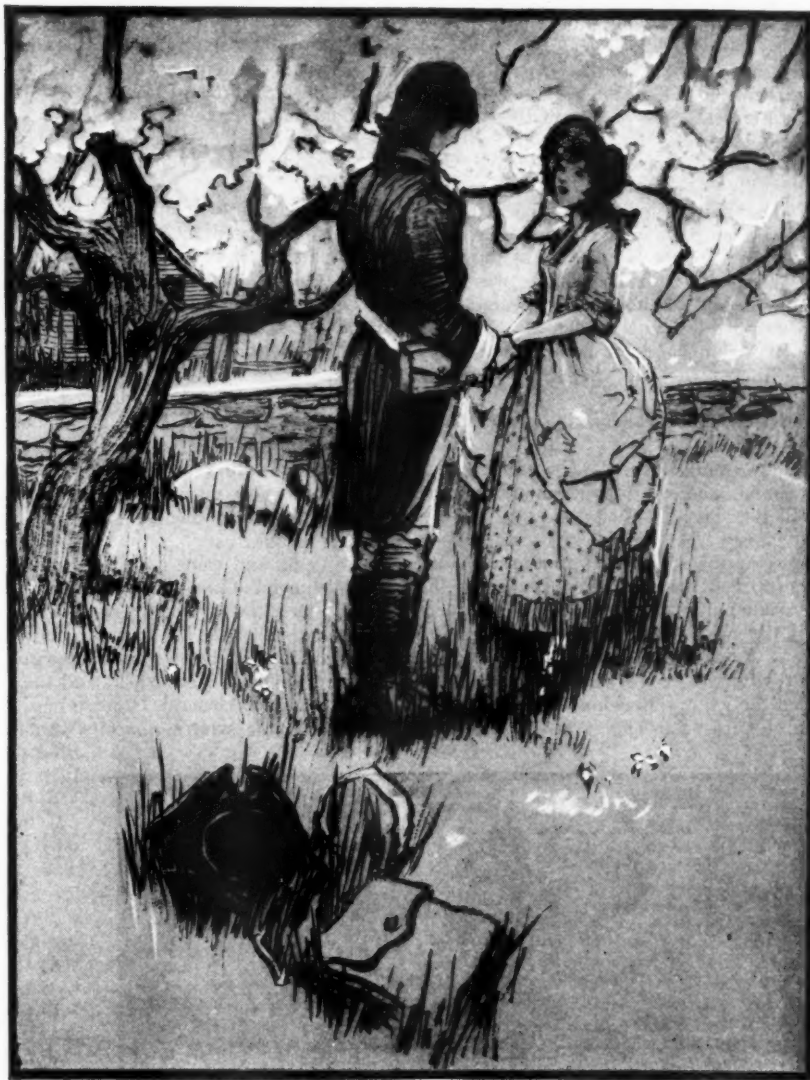
Christina thanked him again and locked the door. She pulled off her boots and heavy cap, glad to let her braids tumble down her back, and concluded to roll up in the blankets without undressing. The only fresh air in the little room came through a small window, opening onto the outer deck.

"Have to leave that open," she thought to herself. "It's too small for a man to crawl through, anyway." Propping her rifle carefully against the bunk, she blew out the flickering flame in the little oil lamp above the captain's table and crawled into the narrow

(Continued on page 31)



Rushing on deck, she saw a small boat a few hundred yards ahead. Two men were paddling furiously



"Goodbye, Amory," said Gretta. "We will always be friends, won't we, no matter what happens?"

# Red Coats and Blue

By HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL

Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli

*For what has happened so far in  
this story, see page forty-six*

**J**ULIET gave the letter to Captain Cameron to read.

"Dearest Mother," it ran. "I cannot wait longer. I have enlisted in the Continental Army. I do so now because no one can say I choose the winning side. Today—Friday the thirteenth—when the Republicans are running away from the Royal Army, I select as the day to become a citizen of the American States.

"It is no use to try to explain. I know I could never fight against these brothers of mine. You will say I can find it in my heart to fight against my blood brother? Yes—but these are brothers of spirit. I believe what they believe, hope what they hope.

"Dear Mother, will you still believe I love all I loved before, and that the heart I give to my country is

but a broken heart after all?

"Your devoted son. Amory Lathrop."

"Oh, poor Mother! Poor Mother!" Juliet cried. "It will kill her."

The Captain shook his head. "No—it won't do that," he answered, "and 'tis hard on Amory, too. He's a brave lad but wrong-headed."

And as the Captain spoke, Gretta was crying wildly, for outside a group of soldiers were marching by, singing:

Marching on, dreaming of you.  
Marching on, loyal and true!  
Friendships must sever,  
Parting for ever,  
Red coats and blue!

The words of the chorus of their song drifted back to Gretta and made her realize the full significance of war.



That was war. Parting—Juliet and her lover, Jeanie and Jamsie, Denis and his mother, and now Amory, parted from them all!

There was little time to think in the days that followed. All Loyalists, able to do so, intended to winter in New York. Cousin Bernicia gave orders to the servants to pack all the household goods, "for," she said, "we have to think of Vincent who may come home on leave when Burgoyne takes Albany."

Major Harding was quietly helpful and efficient at this time, engaging horses when no one else seemed able to do so, and procuring comforts for the ladies as if by magic.

Captain Cameron had been with them but he was eager to rejoin his regiment and, although his wound still troubled him, said goodbye three days later.

Denis had gone into camp, and the house seemed very quiet in spite of the litter of saw dust and straw attendant on the business of packing.

A few nights later Gretta was awakened by Juliet, standing beside the bed.

"Get up, Gretta," she said. "Hurry—New York is on fire. Put on your clothes and we will go out. There are crowds of people on the shore."

Gretta stumbled to her feet and the two girls dressed themselves quickly, wrapping themselves in warm cloaks.

As soon as they opened the door they could see the flames leaping in columns to the sky and ending there in an angry glow. They ran to the shore and stood gazing at the spectacle.

"Must be Trinity Church!" cried one, as a high flame streamed seaward on the wind. The whole western side of the town seemed to be burning in one giant conflagration.

"The rebels have done it," an old man averred. "They said they'd do it and they've done it. And thoroughly, too."

"Tis the rebels," growled the crowd.

"I wonder where my father is," Gretta whispered, "I wish he were here, and Denis too." For some reason Gretta felt she had to take care of Denis.

Juliet slipped an arm through hers.

"Have you seen enough?" she asked—"Shall we go home?"

It was hard to sleep that night with that ugly light on the western skyline. But Gretta finally fell asleep, and dreamed that Amory was being hung to a glass chandelier because he had burned New York.

The next day Captain Cameron came and told them all about it. The fire had spread northwest, and destroyed King's College, Trinity Church; many homes and buildings of importance had gone.

The fire in New York delayed the Lathrop household in leaving town, but early in October they crossed the ferry, their goods on barges following them, and took up their residence in Wall Street. It was Major Harding who had found them the very house they wanted, built pleasantly of bricks, a flagged pavement before it and a tiny garden in the rear.

He came and went as a matter of course in the little establishment. Cousin Bernicia was his declared ally, but Juliet showed her aversion to him so plainly that even Gretta thought her unkind. The Major seemed harmless enough, and Denis still adored him.

They all liked New York, and the sense of confidence that prevailed. General Howe himself, settling down into comfortable winter quarters, seemed in no hurry to

follow the beaten enemy. It was not until the twelfth of October that a force was landed and the Fleet set in motion, while a fog made a thick veil for these operations.

But the anxiety of waiting was tempered with a revival of social life. Ladies came to drink tea with Cousin Bernicia, who received them graciously and talked freely of Vincent, fighting under Burgoyne, and not at all of Amory.

Denis had greatly changed. There was a new light in his eye, and he held himself like a man.

"Look what I've brought you," he said to Gretta one day and undid a paper wrapping and showed her two beautifully bound books. The works of Daniel Defoe—author of *The True Born Englishman*, etc. "A man was selling them in the street."

Gretta took them. She had no books of her own, and these were beautiful. But inside the cover was the coat of arms of King's College.

"Look," she told Denis. "I know," he answered.



They found a place between a stout woman in a striped skirt and an irate gentleman in brown broadcloth



The soldiers have pillaged all the libraries. You may as well have them because if you don't, somebody else will."

Gretta frowned!

Then she said, "What's this?" For there was a piece of paper inside the book, scribbled over in Denis' writing.

"Oh—that's nothing," he said. "It's mine. I didn't know it was there." He tried to take it from her, but she snatched it back, and saw that it was a series of verses, much erased and altered. And Gretta saw now that there were familiar words in it—the words of the song that was on every Loyalist's lips, and that began with the words, "Marching on, dreaming of you."

"Denis, did you make up that song?" she asked. "You must have."

He nodded. "The Loyalists wanted a song of their own, so I just wrote it for them. It's rubbish—but it swings, and that's what you want."

It was during this time that Gretta received a long letter from her grandmother. Her portrait was being painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and he was painting one of Lord Eastlake to accompany it. She hoped the campaign was progressing favorably, since she heard the German troops had sailed in great numbers, and no doubt British headquarters would be quite gay, but she hoped that Captain Cameron would take care that Gretta made no public appearance at balls or routs until she was sixteen.

A postscript added:

"I met the Duchess of Argyll at my Lady Derby's last night. She tells me that Jimmy is in the Colonies, but that she has failed to obtain a pardon for him. This is distressing news. If you have an opportunity for private conversation with Sir William Howe, please to mention the matter to him."

Early in November events began to move. Everyone knew that a great battle was pending. "The Highlanders will be in it," the Captain told them. "Jamsie says it will finish the war."

This news helped Gretta to forget for a moment that her father was going into danger.

The fifteenth of November came, and the challenge to Fort Washington. All day long on the sixteenth the distant sounds of the battle reached them, and when quiet came again, it deepened the suspense that hung over the house.

While they waited so, a cabriolet drove to the door, and out of it stepped a woman, who fairly burst into the narrow hall.

"Where is she? Mistress Gretta, my moppet, here's your Jeanie, come to tend ye once mair."

Gretta flew to the summons and threw her arms around Jeanie's broad waist.

"Let me look at ye, then," Jeanie scrutinized her from head to foot. "'Tis grown ye have," she assured her proudly.

Juliet and Cousin Bernicia welcomed Jeanie kindly and an hour passed in recounting adventures and comparing experiences. After Gretta's escape Jeanie had appeased the party of soldiers by cooking them such a meal as they had not enjoyed for two years of campaigning. Realizing that Gretta was with Denis and no doubt at sea already, she had returned to Cambridge and gone at once to the house of the Presbyterian clergyman to whom she had told her story. He

had found work for her and through officers in charge of the prisoners' camp, she had managed to get word to Captain Cameron, and her exchange had been arranged.

Before night they knew that Fort Washington had been stormed and taken. The war was over, people said. The Continental Army was dwindling, the officers were discouraged, Washington himself had written in a dispatch to Congress: "The dissolution of our army is fast approaching."

But that was a time when bad news too often followed closely on good. While the ladies still discussed details of the victory and Gretta's heart beat high in thinking of her father's part in it, Juliet called her from the room.

"I have had this," she whispered, handing Gretta a folded piece of paper. "What shall I do!"

Gretta read:

"Your brother, Amory Lathrop, is wounded to the point of death at Peter Sylvester's farm on the road to New Rochelle. He asks for you."

"Oh," cried Gretta, "we must go, Juliet. We must go now!"

But how?

Cousin Bernicia must not be told. She would never permit them to take the risk. They had no carriage of their own, nor did they know the

roads, nor whether they would be able to pass the sentinels. While they stood in silent consternation counting their difficulties, Uncle Bob, the Negro servant, shambled into the room.

"The Major, he want to see Miss Juliet. He done say he not keep her two minutes—" He turned cheerfully to the invisible visitor and called out, "Come 'long, Major Harding, sah. You all come right this way."

The girls tried to hide their discomfiture as they curtsied in response to the visitor's bow.

"I would not have intruded," he began, "but I have good news for Miss Gretta. Her father is safe, and has distinguished himself in action, and it is my dearest wish to serve any of this household," he said, watching the still critical Juliet.

It was then that the idea came to Gretta. Major Harding seemed able to do anything he wanted—why should he not help them? Without stopping to think, she spoke.

"Oh, Major Harding, will you help us get to Amory? There's no one else to ask and Cousin Bernicia must not know—and—and—" Gretta choked a moment before she finished, "he's dying."

The Major turned to Juliet who silently handed him the letter. When he looked up he was the officer rather than the man, his face strong and commanding, his eyes thoughtful.

"If you will wait for half an hour I will be back. Prepare yourselves for a cold journey," he said, and, bowing, left them.

"Oh why did you!" Juliet exclaimed.

"Because of Amory," Gretta replied.

"Yes, because of Amory!" Juliet twisted her fingers together. "Yet I would not be in that man's debt!"

They dressed themselves hastily in their warmest garments, and half an hour later the Major led them to the corner of Nassau Street where a chaise and spirited horse waited. Another horse, held by a private soldier, stood there too.

(Continued on page 42)

## THE QUEST

BY MARY S. HAWLING

THE trees are frost and black today,

The sky is gray and still  
And distantly a snow-etched hill  
Has called my soul away.

The bushes bend beneath their spice  
Of powdered whiteness, too.

I think the streams are running blue  
Down underneath the ice.

And I am seeking for the Spring  
Beneath the Winter's dress.

For now to hear a sparrow sing  
Would be sheer loveliness;

And any flower echo bring

A world of happiness.

Illustration by  
Cornelia Brownlee



# Why Not a Progressive Party?

ONE OF my most joyous and exhilarating memories is of a snow-covered world, gloriously lit by a moon riding high in a cloudless, star-studded sky, and "our gang" coasting down a thrillingly long hill. And that was only one of the scenes in what we called a progressive party. So this year for St. Valentine's Day, I am suggesting that you try a progressive party—a party that is informal and has all the charm of the unusual and unexpected. This type of party requires several hostesses, but it is all the better for that.

First, of course, comes the invitation, which is like the rest of the program, very informal. Endless clever Valentine invitations have been written, but your group should be able to write even better ones, and if you have been especially clever, you might send them to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, for the benefit of other girls. The invitation to the boys should convey a message somewhat as follows:

Mary Garden (insert here the names of the other hostesses) bid William Henry at eight o'clock, on St. Valentine's Eve, repair to 358 Williams Street and bear Mary Phillips to a rendezvous at 648 Elmo Place, there to receive further orders.

The invitation to the girls will read a little differently:

Mary Garden (insert here names of other hostesses) bid Mary Phillips at eight o'clock on St. Valentine's Eve to await William Henry, who will accompany her to a rendezvous at 648 Elmo Place.

At Mary's house, there will be an old fashioned spider-web effect with as many intertwining strings as there are

By WINIFRED MOSES

guests. The beginning end of each string will contain a card with a number corresponding to the number on the invitations. The other end contains a Valentine with these directions written or printed in dainty style:

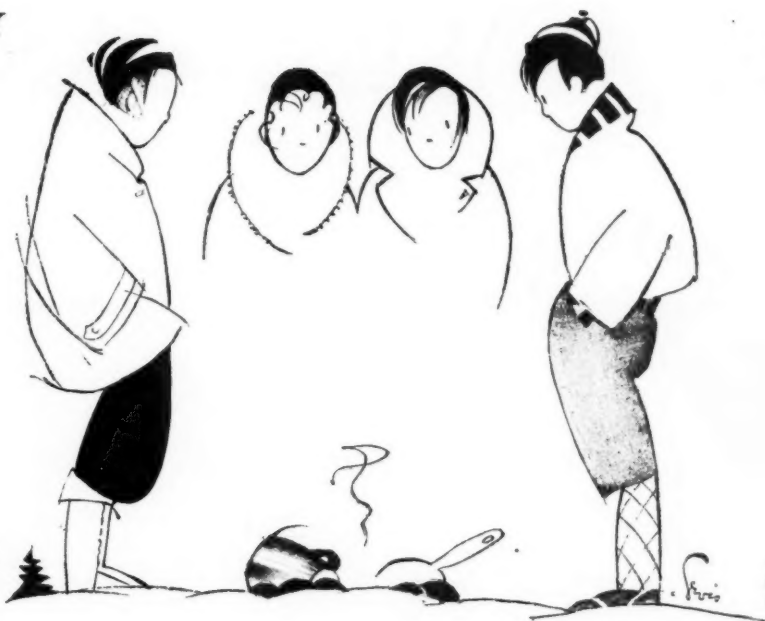
Seek at once your Valentine, Mary B. (in the case of the girls, your Valentine, John L.) and repair to St. Valentine's castle and partake of ambrosia, then repair by the light of the moon on the silver road to Crystal Hill and take the magic carpet. From there, you and your Valentine will pass on to St. Valentine's House and seek for further directions.

Interpreted, this means that beforehand, at Mary's, the hostesses have made not only a lovely labyrinth of strings with numbers at one end and a Valentine containing the name of his or her partner with a series of directions at the other, but that they have studied their guests carefully and paired them off as they know that they would like to be paired; that they have found fanciful yet descriptive names for each one; that they have decided where the next step in the progression is to take the party. They have arranged in Mary's kitchen as many each, of cups or bowls, plates, spoons and napkins as there are guests, and a wonderful cream of tomato soup, and a bowl of whipped cream with boxes of cheese crackers.

Each guest, having greeted the hostess, will seek the string bearing the number to be found on his or her invitation and having followed it to its ultimate conclusion, will read his Valentine, seek his partner, and repair to St. Valentine's Castle, which is the kitchen. Here, he will  
(Continued on page 39)

By GURNEY  
WILLIAMS

Illustrations by  
Catharine Lewis



*We were stricken by the calamity, and mournfully surveyed the scene*

*"Well," I said, "we might have saved ourselves all this mess"*

## Mary Ellen Hikes

MISS SCOTT," said Mr. Allen, instructor in speech at Danford College, "do you suppose you could favor us with one of your delightful speeches?"

His tone was sarcastic as it always is whenever Mary Ellen or I try to talk. We are admittedly bad at making speeches. I tried to give Mary Ellen a reassuring wink as she stepped bravely onto the platform in front of the class but her eyes had taken on that far-away frightened look peculiar to speech fright—or whatever you call it—and she did not glance in my direction.

When Mary Ellen spoke she suffered; and the whole class suffered with her. Nothing is more agonizing, either for speaker or audience, than a halting, stammered speech. Ordinarily, as you know, Mary Ellen is quite voluble—so am I, for that matter—but there is something about a speech class that gets us both. I never watch Mary Ellen speak; I always make it a point to keep my eyes on a plaster of Paris bust of Cicero that rests on a pedestal at the back of the room, wishing that by some miracle the powers of that great orator might somehow be magically transferred to her. Sadly enough, it doesn't work.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Mary Ellen nervously. "How many of you make a habit of walking for health? I mean, how many of you realize the beneficial results of walking?" Here she stopped for a moment and looked at her feet. There was a dead silence for perhaps five seconds.

"In—in this age of science and invention," she continued, "we have come to rely too much on machinery to get us around and too little on our feet. I mean, we rely too much on machinery and not enough on our feet." Another pause as she looked down.

"Take the elevator, for instance," continued Mary Ellen bravely. Some nit-wit in the back of the room giggled. "It has spoiled us," Mary Ellen went on. "So has the automobile. No one

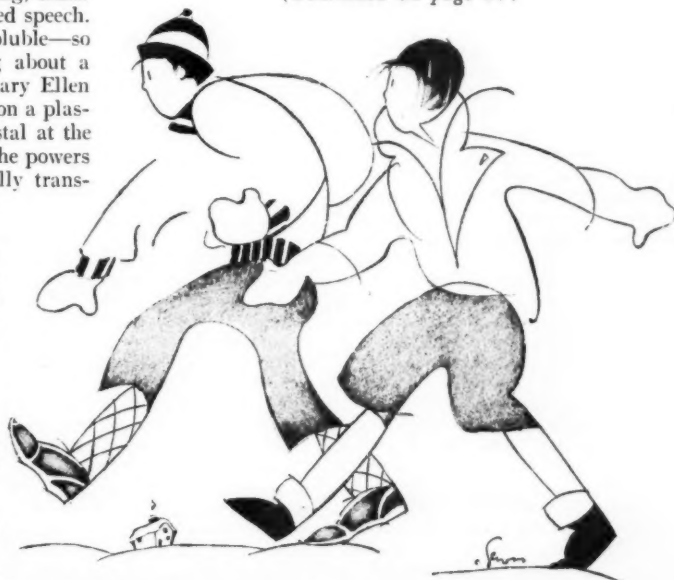
walks any more. Hikes are apparently going out of style. Danford offers every advantage for hiking but scarcely a student takes advantage of the ad—of the opportunity to—well, hike. There should be more hiking; that is, I mean, we should hike more."

"I think," interrupted Mr. Allen impatiently, "that that will be sufficient, Miss Scott. It is obvious that you are not familiar with your subject."

"Mr. Scott, may we hear from you, please? I am sure we shall all be delighted."

I was mad clear through at the way he had treated Mary Ellen, so my effort at discussing ways and means for work-

(Continued on page 37)



*We finally got under way and headed for the open country, outside of Danford*





# When Girl Scouts

*It's fun to write of things that happen doing it, you may receive the title of*

HERE is the letter that gave us the idea of having a star reporter a month for the Scribes' Corner. Several weeks ago we learned that the Girl Scouts of Bridgeport, Connecticut, were to conduct a page of their own in the *Bridgeport Sunday Post*. So we wrote to the editor of the page, Marion Houlihan, for further information. We want you to read her interesting letter. Have you a troop scribe? Why not appoint one, or a group of reporters so that your troop will surely be mentioned in the box, which is described on the opposite page?

"You have asked me to explain about our page in a local newspaper," writes Marion Houlihan. "At first we planned a separate publication, but finally arrived at the conclusion that we would profit more by letting our girls gain experience in newspaper writing. Now we have a page of our own in the *Bridgeport Sunday Post*.

"Every troop has a scribe who is responsible for a weekly assignment besides her troop news if it is worth while. However, this scribe need only write the account of her meeting while the other members of the troop fulfil the various assignments. Perhaps once a month we have a scribes meeting, and this is quite a promising organization whose membership is constantly increasing. Though it is required that these girls hand in certain definite material, they are also free to contribute whatever they wish besides.

"Our page is divided into several sections—essays; biographies of noted Girl Scout leaders, either local or national; imaginative stories and poems, the latter seeming to interest younger girls; jokes, particularly original ones; helpful hints, which includes almost anything and everything; a Brownie section and troop news. In time we plan to add a critic's section, puzzles, and develop some of the several suggestions made by the scribes."

And now for some party news.

## Country Costume Party

*Connecticut Girl Scouts give one*

Eleanor Wiley, Commissioner of the Junior Council of the Hartford, Con-

necticut, Girl Scouts, writes us about the original Valentine costume party they held. We're passing the report on to you. It sounds like uproarious fun to us! Try it yourselves, and let us hear about it! You may have noticed that usually the most spontaneous and simple parties are by far the most successful. You need not go to great expense in preparing for Girl Scout parties. Let all the guests help the hostess and you will be surprised at the results!

"The country costume party that we had here in Hartford was a very simple one, given by the Junior Council for members only.

"Everyone came in country (farm) costume and the more simple and 'countryified' the costume, the better. After the grand march, prizes were awarded for the best costumes. Special attention was paid, in awarding the prizes, to costumes that were made up of odds and ends, so to speak. While one of the girls played the piano and another prompted, the other members enjoyed old country square dances such as 'Diving for Oysters', the 'Virginia Reel', and others. These somewhat strenuous square dances were separated by a very little modern social dancing and quiet, sitting-down games, such as the Matchbox Relay, to get our breath. As this was a combined country and Valentine party, there was a Valentine hunt with a lovely prize for the lucky winner, and in the end everyone was given a Valentine. Refreshments, consisting of doughnuts and punch, were served in a most simple manner."

## Station Girl Scout

*Broadcasting parties by radio television*

Have you ever given a radio television party? Here are some suggestions sent to us by Laura J. Halvorson, captain of the International Falls, Minnesota, Girl Scouts. She describes one of the features of the Girl Scout Carnival, a radio television number.

"A short history of the Girl Scout organization was given, and Girl Scout activities were spoken of. As each activity was mentioned, a Girl Scout, dressed in a costume representing that activity, walked across the stage and performed a little stunt, if possible. This idea was suggested by the pictures in silhouette in the pamphlet. The following activities were broadcasted and represented by Girl

Scouts in costume: cook, laundress, nurse, doctor, teacher, seamstress, milliner, plumber, carpenter, furnace man, gardener, barber, chauffeur, weaver, painter, bird finder, swimmer, archer, canoer, dramatist, folk dancer, THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, signaler, athlete, musicians (piano and violin), photographer, scribe, child nurse, farmer, dairy maid, horsewoman, and singer.

"Wherever possible, an entertainment number was worked in. For instance, the Girl Scout representing the dramatist recited a dramatic declamatory selection; The American Girl gave a short talk on THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine; the signaler flashed the alphabet in the Morse code rapidly; the musicians (piano and violin) played a duet; the scribe recited her original poem composed for her scribe badge; the singer concluded the stunts with a delightful vocal number. Thirty-four girls, all Girl Scouts of Troop One, took part in this entertainment feature."

## A Valentine Pageant

*Give a party for Girl Scout mothers*

When the Girl Scouts of Orange, California, were given two good-sized rooms for their headquarters, they were confronted with the problem of furnishing it. The five troops together had enough money for a number of chairs, a kitchen cabinet, and some carpenter work that needed to be done. Later on enough money was donated to buy a piano. But after the girls had ransacked their attics and produced several tables, a music box, a book shelf, and several other pieces of useful furniture, there still was lacking a great deal of necessary equipment, especially in the line of kitchen utensils and dishes.

To overcome this difficulty each troop had a party for its Girl Scout mothers which was in the form of a shower. At these parties the mothers and their daughters played games together and the girls presented an entertaining program.

One troop gave a Valentine Tea. All the games and the refreshments carried out the Valentine motif. For the pro-



# Become Reporters

*in troop or camp, especially when, by  
"Star Reporter" on your own magazine*



gram the girls presented a pageant depicting the evolution of the Valentine. A huge Valentine was made from beaver board, with a heart cut out of the center and the whole trimmed in lace paper and painted. With this as a frame the girls posed in the costumes of various periods, beginning with the Colonial days and closing with a Girl Scout Valentine in uniform. This pageant was so effective that the girls were asked to present it several times at the clubs of the city.

The girls of another troop taught their mothers the correct way to tie a square knot. After the mothers had become quite proficient in tying the knot, several groups were formed with about an equal number of mothers and daughters, and a relay was played, each person tying and untying a square knot. This helped to show the mothers what Girl Scouting teaches to the girls.

Another troop spent the afternoon in sewing holders and hemming towels for the new Girl Scout Headquarters. The mothers welcomed the opportunity to become acquainted with their daughters' friends and the other mothers.

In each troop a Mothers' Circle was organized and one member was chosen to represent each group on the Community Committee. The purpose of these circles is to keep the mothers interested in Girl Scouting and to give them a chance to help further this great movement.

During the course of these parties, gifts from mothers and friends of the Girl Scouts included about everything that could be desired, from a punch bowl to an old, but still useful, vacuum cleaner. The Orange chapter of the P. E. O. which has sponsored the Girl Scout movement in this city for a number of years, gave the girls a set of

## Be a Star Reporter! Important News for Our Readers

**THE BEST** news report of the month about Girl Scout activities will be published in this space beginning with the April issue. Here is something new! Read carefully, follow the directions, and learn to be a star reporter for your own magazine.

**WHO:** Every reader of **THE AMERICAN GIRL**

**WHERE:** From wherever there are Girl Scouts

**WHEN:** Beginning with the April issue

**WHAT:** Has a chance to send in the best news report of Girl Scout activities published monthly in **THE AMERICAN GIRL**.

**How:** We want news of general interest about Girl Scout activities. *You* are to be the reporter. For the best news report published each month of interesting activities of Girl Scouts anywhere, we will give to the successful contestant as a prize her choice of either a current popular girls' book or a book on the art of news reporting. She will be the star reporter of the month. Every girl whose news item is used in the magazine outside the box will be considered a valuable staff reporter. News items will be published when they are of timely interest. Publication, therefore, may in many cases be delayed several months. All prizes will be awarded on publication of the reports.

*Follow these directions:*

1. Your news story must tell about Girl Scout activities anywhere—at home or at camp.
2. It must be well written.
3. It must tell all readers of **THE AMERICAN GIRL** these things: What was the event? When did it happen? To whom (what troop or group) did it happen? (Do not give lists of names except as they are essential to your news story.) What made it interesting?
4. It must be not more than 300 words in length, nor less than 200 words.
5. Address all news reports to:

THE NEWS-OF-THE-MONTH EDITOR  
THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE  
670 LEXINGTON AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

dishes to complete the equipment, so the girls are quite delighted with the progress they have made in the few months they have had the rooms.

### Best Sellers Are The Rage An "American Girl" stunt

With original and dainty costumes, an entertainment like the one which Martha Kotas, of the Manhattan Girl Scouts,

describes would be immensely successful. Here is her story:

"The girls of Troop Forty-one, Manhattan, gave a stunt called 'Best Seller' at the fifth and seventh district rally.

"The object of the stunt was to give the audience an idea of the many interesting features portrayed in **THE AMERICAN GIRL**. Cardboard, the size of a door, decorated with **AMERICAN GIRL** covers represented the magazine.

"After a short introduction, the book opened and the characters emerged one by one as the Girl Scout glanced through her own copy of the magazine. Each girl pictured an outstanding page. When the last character appeared the picture was complete, and the girls slowly withdrew into the book. So ended the fun for another month."

### A Pot Luck Dinner California Girl Scouts dine out

Have you ever given a pot luck dinner? Miss Adah L. Wilcox, of the Anaheim, California, Girl Scouts, tells us about a recent one:

"You asked especially about a Pot-Luck Dinner. This was given by the Anaheim Community Committee just before the election of the new members to their board. It was for the purpose of educating the mothers and town-people and interesting them in serving on the board. The

serving and entertainment was taken care of by the different troops in town, and was really a demonstration of what the girls were doing in their meetings.

"The City Park Fiesta was one of the monthly all-troop meetings, and was a general get-together of all the girls. Sometimes they bring their own dinner and sometimes they have a surprise waiting for them. They usually sing, play games, or have a short play."



The life of Joan of Arc makes a fascinating subject for tableaux, especially if the scenes are presented out-of-doors in a woodland setting as they were by Girl Scouts of Auburn, New York

When the Queen of Hearts enters at a Brownie Christmas party, it is quite fitting that she should be announced by two small trumpeters and that her train should be borne by pages wearing red hearts



# Our Girl Scouts

*Indoors in winter, outdoors in summer, no matter where they are, at home or at camp, Girl Scouts love to act in plays and pageants and tableaux*

The girl in Greek costume at the right on this page has just thrown a discus, as they did in the old Greek games centuries ago. The picture is from the Girl Scouts of Milwaukee County, who put on a pageant

What could be more fun than a harvest festival, such as the Greater Massachusetts Girl Scouts gave at Cedar Hill? Especially when two such delightful clowns as these add their jolly antics to the proceedings



# s in their Plays and Pageants



Here are three of the twenty-five hundred Girl Scouts of Philadelphia who took part in an historical costume pageant, "The Romance of Philadelphia." They are William Penn, an Indian Chief and a Medicine Man



At the top are characters from a play, "The Game of Delight," given by New Orleans Girl Scouts, and below them is shown the cast of a pageant presented at the Oranges in New Jersey



The Pine Tree troop of Girl Scouts of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, chose Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" as their presentation of last year (at the right)





(Continued from page 9)

"Oh yes, Allison, we will move," she returned quickly as she glanced about the table at the circle of alert faces. "The place is in a dreadfully tumble-down condition, to be sure. Still, in spite of its uncared for appearance, I think we will be able to live in the main part of the house very comfortably."

"The main part?" echoed Robin. "How large is the main part?"

"More than large enough to hold our few pieces of furniture, in addition to what is already there," Mrs. Adair assured her. "The main part consists of a huge living-room which is larger than all our rooms here put together; then just back of it there is a good sized kitchen. Those two rooms are the only portion of the downstairs section that we will occupy, for the right-hand wing is an enormous ballroom that hasn't been used in years and years, and from it opens the dining-room. Both are very badly in need of repairs, for Uncle Fergus kept them closed during his lifetime and lived entirely in the main section and the octagon room."

"The octagon room?" chorused the three oldest children at once. "What is the octagon room?"

"Well, in this case it is the library, and of course it is called the octagon room because it is eight-sided. Uncle Fergus spent most of his time there, for he had a collection of several thousand books. I hoped that there would be valuable first editions; but the lawyer, Mr. Bruce, has known Uncle Fergus for years and been all over the books, and he tells me the volumes are worthless."

"Are you sure he really knows?" broke in Bob eagerly.

"Yes, quite sure, son. Uncle Fergus originally chose Mr. Bruce for his lawyer because he was Scotch, and they became quite friendly; at least as friendly as Uncle Fergus ever was with anyone. You see, Uncle Fergus was a very odd character and was fairly daft over anything Scotch. He went miles to do his trading with anyone having a Scotch name, and he chose his acquaintances the same way. With the exception of Mr. Bruce, the only person he ever had anything to do with was a Mr. MacIntyre who came to live a short time ago at the inn. They played chess together almost every evening."

Allison looked up from her soup plate suddenly. "Well, from what you say, Mummy," she announced, "I think Uncle

Fergus was *decidedly* queer. I never heard before of anyone picking out tradespeople, lawyers and friends by nationality. Did you?"

"That is how he happened to leave us the estate," she said. "Because my name, before I married, was Janet Douglas, a good Scotch name, and all you children have Scotch names, too."

"But are there no other and nearer relatives?" Allison questioned.

"Oh yes. He has two nephews living in the West, sons of his dead sister. But she married an Englishman and named her boys 'Algernon' and 'Reginald', and that put them out of the running with Uncle Fergus."

"Well, I say that we move as quickly as possible," Bob suggested as he polished a spoon several minutes later.

And so it was decided. "For," as Robin gaily pointed out as she flew back and forth from the kitchen, "the sooner we move the sooner we can start hunting for hidden cupboards."

The week skipped by. There were so many odd jobs to attend to. Books had to be packed into boxes and nailed down, music must be tied into tidy stacks, and the shabby old furniture had to be covered. Allison insisted upon that.

"It isn't as if we could afford to have a regular covered moving van. And that ancient wagon of Mr. O'Brien's is open to the winds of heaven! But Mr. O'Brien is a *lamb*, to lend us the wagon and to drive us without charge—"

"He certainly is," agreed Mrs. Adair devoutly. "By the way, Rob, I think I'll let you and Bob go up ahead on Friday after school. Then Allison, Malcolm and I will ride up with the furniture as soon as we can get off on Saturday. That is the only day Mr. O'Brien can let us have the wagon."

The twins let out a shriek of delight.

"Oh, Mother, you're just grand! I'm just pining to see the place, and I'm so glad that you're going to let us go up ahead." Rob exulted as she scrambled to her feet and danced an impromptu jig. Then grabbing up an old newspaper from the floor, she slipped one of the silver dollars in her eye as a monocle and drawled in her most impressive manner as she read along:

"One of the most interesting items of the week to society at large is the news that the beautiful Adair estate at Cloverdale is to be opened for the summer season. Cholly Knickerbocker says that—"

She broke off with a little shriek as Bob's laughing face peered over her shoulder.

"Rob-in, I'm surprised at you. You're not even looking at the society page."

"Yes I am, too. Don't you see Cholly's picture taken at Saratoga or Newport or Palm Beach, or some other spot where the elite gather?"

Bob gave one look and then let out a whoop of amusement. "I like your choice of society youths," he choked as he glanced where she had pointed. "I

hope you're not under the mistaken impression that either of the men whose pictures you're admiring is a scion of the four hundred. The chap with the dark eyes on the left is 'English Eddie, a thief wanted by the police,' he read aloud, "while the bearded and impressive gentleman in white flannels on the right is 'Husky Hans, the Hot-Dog Champion.' It says here that he ate one hundred and sixty-six frankfurters at one meal."

"Let me see," demanded Robin twitching the paper from his eager grasp. "Why, I supposed that he was a Vandevere at the very least. A hot dog champion indeed!"

"Things are seldom what they seem,  
Skin milk masquerades as cream,  
Highblows pass as patent leathers,  
Jackdaws strut in peacock feathers,  
All that glitters is not gold,  
Black sheep dwell in every fold,"

Bob sang mischievously with great expression from their favorite *Pinafore*.

"Very true,  
So they do,"

Robin caroled in return. "But remember, my monocle hindered my sight."

"Anyway," said Allison complacently, "I'd a million times rather stay here than go in a gloomy, spooky old house the night before, with only Bob for company. Why, for all you know, there may be a ghost."

Allison was a born tease, and she brought the last word out most impressively in a blood curdling whisper, but Robin pounced upon the idea.

"A ghost?" she exclaimed with a rising inflection. "Oh, wouldn't that be *splendid*! And I tell you what, Allison. If I find a ghost, I'll see if I can't get it to tell me if Uncle Fergus really was a miser as so many people say; and if so, where his treasure is concealed. And then—"

She broke off as Bob gave an uncontrollable chuckle. "Well," he drawled as he jumped to his feet, "with Rob treasure hunting, Allison ghost hunting, and I—er—job hunting—well, I foresee an exciting time ahead."

And he spoke more truly than he knew.

### CHAPTER III The Benevolent Fairy

"To think that it should pour again," mourned Rob as she jammed the red rubber hat down over her black hair with a jerk and struggled into her scarlet raincoat. "I do think it might have had the kindness to be clear this Friday afternoon anyway."

"Be sure to put on your rubbers, Rob," called Mrs. Adair, hurrying in from the kitchen where she had been giving Bob last minute directions. "It has poured all night and it will be sopping wet cutting across the fields from the trolley. Bob, have you the key?"

(Continued on page 30)

You'll want to read "About That Contest" on page four—





SUPER-SENSITIVE

SUPER-SELECTIVE

SUPER-TONE FIDELITY



*That's why the engineers named it*  
**Super-HETERODYNE**

The three essentials of fine quality radio reception—sensitivity, selectivity and tone fidelity—are balanced in the Radiola Super-Heterodyne as in no other radio instrument.

The remarkable performance of this famous Radiola is the goal of every radio manufacturer. When you compare it in action with other high-quality radio sets your ears immediately tell you why the Super-Heterodyne is the accepted measure of perfection in radio design.

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The Radiola Super-Heterodyne is no longer a luxury to be enjoyed by a few fortunate homes. It is an expensive instrument to build, but the cost of manufacture has been so reduced that this incomparable instrument can now be had for little more than the cost of an ordinary radio set.



*Radiola Super-Heterodynes are offered in three models:*

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# RCA RADIOLA

RADIOLA DIVISION RCA VICTOR COMPANY, INC.

*If you are one of the many who worked on the Contest*

## The House with the Cross-eyed Windows

(Continued from page 28)

"Yes, matches, key, soap and the scrubbing brush are in my right pocket, while cleaning cloths, Dutch cleanser and sapolio are in my left."

"As for me," continued Rob dramatically, "my pockets bulge, and I fairly waddle when I walk, like a duck. Just look!" She gave a faithful imitation of a walk à la duckling that convulsed the group watching her antics. "I have dish towels, whisk broom, candles in case of any emergency, although there is gas, and a box of 'cats.'" She picked up a broom and a long handled mop as she spoke and swung them over her shoulder.

"Trust us, Mother," said Bob. "Don't worry a bit, for by the time you arrive in state tomorrow afternoon, we'll have everything spick and span for you."

The ride to Cloverdale only took three quarters of an hour and the twins enjoyed every minute of it.

Rob thrust her head out of the car window to stare down the track ahead. "I do believe it's going to clear," she murmured with a beaming smile as she settled back in her seat. "Oh, Bob, look at that house. My, isn't it a stunning place?"

Then a new idea flashed into her mind and she sat bolt upright in her seat. "Oh, Bob," she exclaimed, clutching his arm suddenly and turning a sparkling glance at him, "all these places are named, so let's name our—our—estate too. Now what shall we call it?"

"Why not call it 'Tumbledown Mansion', or 'Ramshackle Villa', or—or—just 'The Junk Heap'?" he suggested as he howled at the idea. "Rob, you will be the death of me yet. You have visions of sloping terraces, neat gravel paths, and ancestral mahogany."

"No, I don't expect to find a gorgeous home, shining mahogany and things like that at all," Rob protested. "Mother said that most of the furniture was heavy, ugly black walnut. Still, she didn't get a chance to really explore, and we may find more than we think. You know the Macdonalds were a wealthy family and it all went to Uncle Fergus, who certainly never spent a penny more than was an absolute necessity. Yet there isn't a cent left that anyone knows about. Even the lawyer, Mr. Bruce, thought it very odd. We are reasonably certain the money was never spent. So I believe that it must be hidden away in the house. Do be a good sport, Bobby, and help me look. It certainly would be quite in keeping with Uncle Fergus' miserly habits if he had it tucked away. Why, where did he get the money to buy his supplies if he didn't own some hidden hoard? Now I'm not silly enough to really hope there would be an immense fortune, but there must be some."

"Cloverdale," called the conductor as the trolley slowed down, and stopped.

The sun was just struggling through the clouds as they struck off across the fields.

Rob threw back her head and gave a rapturous sniff. "No wonder they call this Cloverdale," she murmured ecstatically.

"Why, there must be acres and acres of these big honey-sweet red blossoms. Oh, Bob, won't it be gorgeous to live here in the country, even if it is in a junk heap? It seems as if anything nice might happen here."

"On a Friday,—and a rainy one at that?" teased Bob as he stopped to rest.

"Tisn't raining now. It's starting to shine, and look, there's a rainbow. That ought to mean 'bright times after gloomy ones,'" Rob retorted at once.

"Maybe it means that if we follow it, we'll find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow," Bob prophesied lightly. "And speaking of signs, Robin Adair, you ought to make a wish. You're standing right in a fairy ring."

Rob glanced down. Sure enough she was directly in the middle of one.

"I wish," she laughed at once, "that a fairy would appear—"

"Will you excuse me, but are you the laddie and lassie who are coming to live at the hame of my dear auld friend Fergus Macdonald?" suddenly inquired

waited long enough to have paid my respects to your mither."

"You are leaving?" inquired Bob at once sympathetically.

"Yes, yes, I am sorry to say. Business is calling me to Scotland, and I leave for New York this afternoon. Perhaps it is just as well, for the time here drags very heavily now—" His voice trailed off into silence while his brooding gaze fixed itself on the far horizon. Then, "Did you say you expected your mither tonight?" he asked.

"No sir. Not until tomorrow."

"And are you not afraid?"

"Oh not a bit," the twins laughed together while the old gentleman nodded. "Brave bairns. I like a bit of courage."

And don't let the village folk of flickering lights, moaning voices and spectral shapes disturb you at all. Just gossip."

Robin dropped her broom with a crash. "Then there is talk of a ghost?" she inquired breathlessly.

"There's always silly talk of that kind about every old house, m'dear child, and no truth to it whatsoever. But the superstitious village folk welcome anything of that character, and boast already that they've seen the ghost of my dear auld friend about the place. It was probably a flapping paper or a white cow," he added with a touch of contempt as he handed Rob her fallen broom and then made his adieus.

"So there really is some talk about a ghost," Robin repeated thoughtfully. "It sounds kind of spooky, doesn't it?"

"And it looks it too," added her brother under his breath as they reached the crest of the hill and looked down the slope. "And there's your 'estate'."

With curious eyes Robin turned to look at the old fashioned house with its long wings jutting out at each side, and half hidden by overgrown foliage.

Then Robin gave a stifled exclamation.

By some curious freak the two upstairs windows in the main part of the house had been made oval in shape, and put in slantwise at the most peculiar angle. And as the twins looked, the sun gleamed suddenly on the panes, giving the upper windows the effect of eerie eyes squinting in their direction and turning the doorway and railed porch into the nose and grinning mouth of an ugly goblin face that leered at them malevolently.

"The old place looks bewitched for sure," thought Bob to himself with a little shiver. Aloud he said, "Well, is it to be 'Ramshackle Villa' or 'Tumbledown House'?"

With fascinated eyes Rob stared until the light faded from the windows and the goblin face disappeared, changing once more into an every-day house.

Then she looked up at her twin with her usual smile although her normally rosy cheeks were rather pale.

"It isn't going to be either. I have a brand new name for it. It's 'The House with the Cross-eyed Windows.'"

You will want to know what the Adairs find in their strange house. Be sure to meet them next month.

### Don't Miss

#### OUR

#### INTERNATIONAL NUMBER

the most exciting, the most entertaining, the most unusual, the most thrilling issue of the year!

#### Watch For March!

a voice with a strong Scotch burr from behind them. Robin and Bob swung about with a start.

A little old gentleman stood beaming at them through shining round spectacles. He looked, as Rob later told her mother, exactly like a benevolent gentleman fairy appearing in answer to her wish. One might have thought he had just gotten out of a band-box, so dazzling white was his linen, so soberly yet richly black was his suit, tie, and even his seal ring.

"We're two of them," she explained.

"You see, there are four of us Adairs; four, and Mother. But Bob and I are coming up ahead of the others to clean."

"Weel, weel, I'm verra glad to see you. I'm Mr. Alaister MacIntyre." Here a card was thrust into Robin's hand and she noted with appreciation that it was as shiningly white and vividly black as everything else about him. "Your uncle Fergus and I spent many a pleasant evening together."

"How do you do, sir? I remember Mother told us that Uncle Fergus had a friend, a Mr. MacIntyre, at the inn."

"But who is staying there no longer," Mr. MacIntyre responded rather sadly, "and that is why I welcome this opportunity of greeting kinsfolk of my puir dear friend. I only wish I could have

Paralyzing things happen in "The House with the Cross-Eyed Windows"—

## Gold Dust

(Continued from page 18)

berth. She fell asleep almost before she had finished wrapping the blankets about herself and the gold dust bag.

Rattle, thump, bump—the sounds did not belong in her dream.

"Fool, I know MacDonald's girl when I see her," were the first words Christina heard, uttered in an excited drunken voice.

"Angus is sending her down with dust—our chance to get even with him."

Christina was standing by the berth, her rifle cocked and ready—the precious dispatch inside her shirt.

"No danger. She's alone. Smash the window."

"You do and it'll be the last thing you'll smash," cried the watchful girl.

"Get away from that window, Le Clerc—"

"The MacDonalds owe me somethin' for chasin' me out last winter."

"I'll count to ten for you to get out. If you're not gone—" She could just see their two dim shadows.

"Nine—ten!" As she fired, Le Clerc tried to knock the barrel upward with the club he carried. He missed, and they retreated down the deck.

Then came a loud thump on the door. "What y' mean by shootin' up the boat in the middle of the night?" bellowed the rough voice of the mate.

"Keep your old thieving trappers away from me then," shouted the girl with equal vehemence. "I'll shoot as often as they try crawling in here."

The mate went off grumbling that she had been dreaming. Christina wrapped herself in blankets and kept a cold, miserable watch until daylight when she dropped asleep despite her efforts and slept soundly until long after the boat had been tied up at the Celilo dock.

She woke with a start, aching in every muscle. With her heavy bags in one hand and rifle ready, she unlocked the door cautiously and looked out. Seeing no one, she made a dash for the gang-plank and in a moment more was walking up the muddy shore. She found upon inquiry that the little car which took passengers over the narrow gauge railroad—the portage around Celilo Falls—had been gone more than half an hour.

Wandering about the dirty little village she finally found a kindly old lady, whose son lent her a small, spotted pony to catch the boat to the Dalles.

The trail was narrow and uneven, and she felt like shouting for joy when the boat landing finally came into view with a steamer tied up to the dock. Her joy was changed to dismay when she learned that the boat was delayed by engine trouble. And the pony had already started back home!

She wandered back forlornly to the boat which was crowded with impatient prospectors, cattle men, trappers, and miscellaneous travelers. Suddenly she thought she recognized the trapper, Le Clerc, on shore. Her fears aroused, she sought out the captain.

"Could I get a small boat to take me to The Dalles?"

"What—still in a hurry?" he said.

"I must be in Portland by Friday

(Continued on page 33)



## CORRINE MARVIN Star

"OF COURSE, I envy Corrine," admitted Helen Howard. "It's no small thing to star as brilliantly as she did in a senior play and have Broadway producers begging for interviews."

"She always stood high in the drama class," explained Mabel Rand. "But I don't see how she changed herself from a muddy-complexioned, indifferent-looking girl into a stunning beauty."

"Well, I guess I can tell you that better than anyone else," said a new voice full of mischievous laughter. It was Corrine herself, as lovely off the stage as on it.

"I couldn't help hearing you as I came down the stairs. No apologies. I don't wonder you're surprised."

"Do tell us, Corrine, what did you do to yourself?"

"Surely, Helen, but the credit really belongs to Miss Day, my dramatic instructor. She insisted that I was killing natural good looks by wrong habits of living. Her prescription, thank goodness, was simple enough. Just plenty of sleep, plenty of exercise in the open, regular eating habits, and sensible food. And one of the most important features of the whole program—stay away from beverages containing caffeine, she told me, because they can drag you down. She introduced me to the most delightful drink I've ever tasted. She said it was a real help to beauty-building. It's Instant Postum made-with-hot-milk."

"Anything but milk," cried Mabel.

"But, Mabel, it isn't a bit like plain milk. So rich and full-

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Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled twenty minutes.

bodied. Miss Day said that Postum adds to the perfect food elements of milk the all around goodness of deliciously roasted whole wheat and bran."

"Well, Corrine, that's the first sensible beauty program I ever heard of. I, for one, am going to drop the caffeine stuff for Postum right away."

"Me, too," quickly followed Mabel, "I'm going down to the store, right now."

Write for Corrine's beauty secret

Corrine didn't, of course, tell all of her beauty secret. But you can have it free just by sending for a copy of "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow." Thousands of girls have benefited by the advice contained in this book.

Try Instant Postum for one month and see what a wonderful change it makes in you. Made in an instant. Just place a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in a warm cup, add hot (not boiling) milk, stir, and your beauty drink is ready.

If you'll mail this coupon right now, we'll send you free a week's supply of Instant Postum so that you can begin your beauty treatment the day you receive your copy of "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow."

Now, here's the coupon waiting to bring you new health and beauty. Mail it today!

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, your booklet, "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow," and a week's supply of Instant Postum.

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The mystery grows deeper as the Adairs grow scared





Made by the Goldman-Baer Co., Baltimore, Md., makers of official Girl Scout uniforms, "Freshie Frocks" for girls, juniors and misses, and "Bonnie Briar" shirts and blouses.

## The Girl Scout Leader outfits herself in the new official camp uniform

The smock-and-knicker-suit of Girl Scout green is good-looking and practical for the leader's wear in camp. The smock, made with side pockets, reaches just above the knee. It has long sleeves, buttoned at the wrist, which may be rolled up, and a simple roll collar with which a windsor or folded tie is worn. A belt of the same material comes with this uniform, however the leather sport belt is smarter. The fitted knickers are adjusted at the waist by an elastic inset. They, too, have pockets and there is a two-buttoned adjustment at the knee.

The PAMICO CLOTH is a porous tropical material, especially suited for outdoor wear. Is easily laundered and does not require ironing.

The CHAMBRAY is an attractive color, light in weight and of good wearing quality.

The shaped Officer's lisle stockings and high white elk Moccasins are smart and practical with this uniform.

### PRICE LIST FOR COMPLETE UNIFORM

R-204—Pamico cloth uniform (sizes 32 to 44) . . . . .	\$7.00
R-205—Chambray uniform (sizes 32 to 44) . . . . .	6.00
J-921—Lisle stockings . . . . .	.75
J-132—Smoked Elk Moccasins (sizes 2½ to 8, widths C, D, E.) . . . . .	7.75
A-166—Officer's sport belt, sizes 28-38 . . . . .	1.00
A-167—Officer's sport belt, sizes 40-46 . . . . .	1.25
R-623—Crêpe de Chine Windsor Tie . . . . .	.85
R-625—Mercerized Pongee Windsor Tie . . . . .	.25
Colors—Navy Blue, Light Blue, Green, Yellow, Purple, Red	

**THE GIRL SCOUT  
EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT**  
670 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK

*A potter for the king of France was Bernard Palissy. And a great naturalist—*



## Gold Dust

(Continued from page 31)

morning sure," explained the girl. "My father, Angus MacDonald, told them he would be there, and I am going in his place because he was hurt."

"Oh, so you're MacDonald's boy," Christina chuckled to herself. "Well, if you insist, then we'll try to find Tom and his boat." Seeing that she was still carrying the heavy saddle bags as they started off, he said, "Might as well leave those here."

"I couldn't—unless you can lock them up where no one could find them."

"Why, sure," and he dumped the bags in a drawer and gave her the big brass key. "There's the key—and I'll lock the door of my room, too."

Half an hour was spent in finding Long Tom and bargaining with him to take Christina to The Dalles. Then she hurried back to the steamer.

"The door's open," she cried.

"Mate probably wanted something. He has a key too." But when they stepped inside, Christina knew the gold dust was gone. The lock of the drawer had been pried off.

"It was Le Clerc!" she cried. "I thought I saw him."

Rushing on deck she saw a small boat a few hundred yards ahead on the river. Two men were paddling furiously. The cedar dugout with old Tom in the stern and his son in the bow had just drawn up to the dock. Without stopping to consider, Christina, rifle in hand, ran down and got into the dugout.

"Fifty dollars to you if you catch that boat!" The Indians gave a shove which sent them to the middle of the stream even as the captain came running down the dock to stop them.

"Crazy kid," he muttered. "Those fellows are two old river men. He can't stop them even if the Indians do catch up."

"Give me my bags," cried Christina, when they were within one hundred and fifty feet of the other boat. She could hear Le Clerc laugh even above the sound of the water. She shot at him and sent the hat flying from his head.

"Two can play at that game, miss," growled the man in the bow as he pulled a wicked looking pistol and aimed directly at her. His shots went wild and while his hands were off the paddle, the current swung the boat around.

"Leave be, you fool, or we'll be overboard," Le Clerc called, bending all his skill to getting the boat back in its course. "The girl can't hurt us." Both crafts then drove on at high speed, Christina shooting again and again, some of the bullets missing and others continuing the row of holes in the other boat.

"Should think it'd be getting full of water pretty soon," she sighed as she dropped back to reload.

"Shore," grunted Long Tom. The other boat was indeed edging in towards the shore, making for the only spot in sight where landing was possible. If they once reached the bank, they could easily stand her off and make way with the gold dust. In anger Christina aimed

(Continued on page 34)

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*Lizards and snails and shells were his subjects. Read about him next month*

## Gold Dust

(Continued from page 33)  
carefully and deliberately at Le Clerc's paddle and shattered the shaft with the first shot.

She aimed again at the breast of the man in the bow. "Do you believe I can shoot now?" she called over the sound of the rushing water. "We're coming alongside. I want my bags or I'll shoot to kill this time." Forgetting all fear in her anger and desperation she steadied herself in the dugout with her eyes fixed unmovingly on the man who had again picked up his pistol.

"She means it, Le Clerc," he belatedly. The Indians shot the dugout swiftly, even with the other boat. Christina saw that it was indeed filling with water. Before Le Clerc could move, his companion had reached the heavy bags and thrown them directly at Christina. They knocked her to the bottom of the boat. When she struggled up, the Indians had already put several yards of distance between the two boats. Le Clerc was bellowing angrily at his companion. Then he seized the pistol and fired at her several times. But his shots struck harmlessly in the river. The last Christina saw of them they were trying to reach shore with their one paddle.

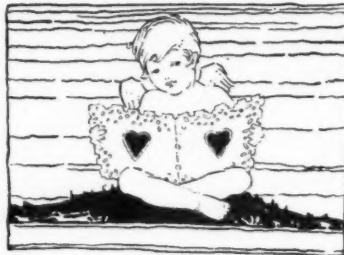
The two Indians chuckled and grunted all the way to The Dalles about the long walk the two white men would have through a rocky, sandy wilderness before they reached any settlement. Christina hardly heard them. After making

sure that the gold dust was still in her saddle bags, she curled up in the bottom of the dugout and hardly knew when or how they reached their destination. The Mountain Gem, with Captain Ainsworth in command was in dock, due to leave at six the next morning. An old friend of her father, he took charge of the girl and her bags, and she fell asleep on board the boat, utterly relieved.

The meeting of the Hudson's Bay factors and traders with United States representatives was in full swing in a small log building in Portland.

"We have reports from all our trading districts except Colville. Angus MacDonald promised to be here to settle the affairs of his post. It isn't like him not to show up on time." Johnson seemed worried. He bent over his reports once more and then looked up as the door suddenly opened and a slim, buckskin clad figure stepped into the room.

"Christina MacDonald! Where is



your father?" not believing his own eyes.

"Father broke his leg ten miles from the Snake. Blackie stumbled into a rattlesnake hole and threw him. So he sent me on alone." Christina's face flushed as the eyes of all the men in the room fastened upon her. This seemed the hardest part of the trip. "Father had his reports all written out. Here they are," pulling the dispatch case from the breast of her shirt. "And the gold dust to settle his accounts is in the saddle bags."

She was disturbed by the strange silence which enveloped the room. "I—I'm not too late, am I?" she pleaded, turning to Johnson.

"My dear Miss MacDonald," replied Johnson pompously, "I think I speak for the other gentlemen here when I say we are all so astonished at what you have done that we have forgotten our manners. Sit down and tell us how you got the gold dust through safely. Hardly a river boat has come in the last two months without being robbed."

"Le Clerc, the drunken, quarrelsome trapper Father sent away from the post last year, stole my bags at the portage." Then she had to tell the whole story of her trip down the Columbia.

"No wonder Hudson's Bay has made history in the West, Johnson," exclaimed one of the American men when she had finished, "with such folks as the MacDonalds behind it. We're looking for the same sort to settle our new land here."

## Miss George Washington

(Continued from page 14)  
kin or I shall expire of curiosity!" Georgena smiled and picked up the napkin with tantalizing slowness and uncovered a ring, set with a sparkling aquamarine.

"Father's present!" she exclaimed. There was a chorus of admiration. Then came the girls' gifts; Pym's, too. There were red, white and blue favors and everyone waxed jovial. Suddenly, Pym stopped behind Helen's chair and, clutching it, doubled up.

With a bound, Georgena was upon her feet. "Pym, what is it?" Concern was in her voice. But Pym waved her away.

"It's nothin'," she said fiercely. "Just a mite of cold, that's all!" And she hurried from the room.

After a while, the girls toasted marshmallows before the library fire. Once or twice Georgena went out to the kitchen to see how Pym felt, and each time came back to report that the latter had said it must be a cold.

The anxiety over Pym lessened, the girls spent the evening telling ghost stories, and trailed up to bed at ten.

It seemed to Georgena that she had just placed her head upon her pillow when Prue shook her violently.

"Oh, hear that moaning," gasped Prue. "That's Pym!" Georgena scrambled out of bed, into her dressing gown, and was gone before her cousin could turn around. But soon she was back. "It is Pym—I think she has an acute attack

of appendicitis," she said in a whisper.

Georgena began to dress. "I'm going over to Dave Hilton's. He's got to get through Great Notch, somehow, and bring Dad back. Pym needs Dad."

Dressed at last, Georgena said goodbye and left the house. She knew, as soon as she had stepped out into it, that she was in one of the worst blizzards which had ever struck the town. It rushed at her with a terrifying violence and the familiar path between Dave's house and hers had been obliterated long since. She discovered that she could not see more than a foot in front of her. It was like walking, blindfolded and, with the wind snatching her breath from her, gagged, as well. Twice she ran into the picket fence between the two houses. When at last she reached the formless drift which was the Hiltons' doorstep, her knock brought Mrs. Hilton to the door at once.

"Dave?" Mrs. Hilton, spoke, alarmed, answering the girl's hoarse question. "He's up at the Quarry. He heard that Bob Hall had been hurt. Pym sick, you say? Well, I'll be right over. You run along, and I'll come as soon as I can."

Georgena felt a blank desolation sweep upon her. Always Dave had come to her rescue. Mrs. Hilton read her thoughts.

"Now, dear, promise me you won't try to go up to the Quarry," she said urgently. "You never can get through the Notch on a night like this."

"Pym did—on a night like this fif-

teen years ago," Georgena said softly.

"I know," nodded Mrs. Hilton. "She was led by Providence. But she was a grown woman, strong and able to fight the blizzard. No, dear," Mrs. Hilton shook her head gently but firmly, "you just run along, and I'll be right over to your house." And Georgena left.

She could not go back, she must go on to get help for Pym!

Up the long village street, Georgena beat her way in the wind-driven snow toward the quarry while the storm, with redoubled ferocity, tore at her once more, whirled her this way and that. Yet up the girl went, though every vestige of road was buried beneath drifts and only sloping ground beneath her feet guided her.

Overpowering fatigue came to agonize her. The dreadful, irresistible desire to lie down had to be combated. She tried singing to herself; but the storm snatched her song from her lips.

She did not know when she passed through Great Notch. She walked on. But now, stalking along with her, came the lie she had told Prue that evening.

Time ceased. Life became merely motion—the motion of walking, lifting one foot, carrying it forward placing it carefully in virgin snow, lifting the other foot, to carry that forward and place it carefully. But at last, carrying the leaden foot forward, Georgena was forced out of the stupor of fatigue which

(Continued on page 36)

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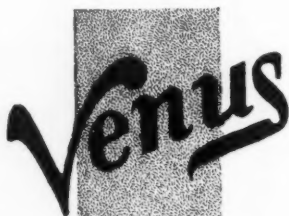
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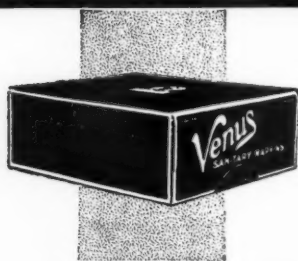
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## Miss George Washington

(Continued from page 34)

had settled upon her. Instinctively she recoiled. For her foot, instead of settling into soft snow, *had plunged out into space!* Somehow, some way, she had passed the Quarry, had climbed above it. And now she must be standing upon the edge of the precipice surrounding the great hole in the mountain.

Trapped, she turned this way and that, utterly bewildered. The baffling snow hung its terrible curtain before her vision. There was nothing to tell her which way led to safety, which way led to death upon the rocks below.

And now the lie that she had told Prue trailed its odious memory across her mind. In the face of her real danger, it was paramount.

Georgena took a tentative step forward and felt, with heart plunging, her foot slither off again into nothingness. She turned around and took a step in the opposite direction and once more found her foot was plunging into space.

But now Georgena's courage came to her rescue. She moved slowly. One step and a breathless pause. Two steps. Three steps. And then, finding that she must have turned back from the edge of the precipice and feeling the ground slope once more beneath her feet, Georgena, trembling, hurried back down over the hidden trail.

At last the gray light of a stormy dawn found a huddled figure against the door of the quarry office. It was Doctor Hunt himself who heard that faint knock and opened the door.

Later, going home—for the snow-plow came through Great Notch with the first light of morning—Georgena slept all the way, bolstered between her father and David Hilton.

"The poor kid!" said Dave, beneath his breath, glancing down at his little neighbor's exhausted face. "Think of her up there! Why, any step—"

"Don't!" said Doctor Hunt, shaking his head, his mouth quivering.

Still later, after Pym had been operated upon and everything was going along nicely, Georgena awakened to find Prue seated beside the bed.

Georgena put out an imploring hand. "Pym?" she asked, whispering.

"All right—but it was a close call. She's fine, now, though, thanks to you!"

"But, Prue—I didn't tell the—truth," stammered Georgena, her tears falling. "I told you we were related to George Washington and—"

"And so we are," said Doctor Hunt's voice behind Prue. "My great-grandmother was a Ball, and George Washington's mother was Mary Ball, you know. So, rather distantly but quite authentically, you are related."

"Enough to make my saying so not a lie?" demanded Georgena, popping up in bed energetically, while Prue laughed. "Quite enough," chuckled Doctor Hunt. "Now, lie down and go to sleep!"

"I can't, Dad!" said Georgena plaintively. "I'm starving! Prue, do see if there's any creamed chicken left—and some birthday cake, too!"

*A hot quarrel, a swift bullet, and Gjesh is a fugitive, defenceless—*



## Mary Ellen Hikes

(Continued from page 23)

ing one's way through college was a complete failure, worse than Mary Ellen's. "Not so good," observed Mr. Allen, as I sat down. "What I told Miss Scott applies very well in your case. For Monday we shall have some speeches designed to amuse an audience, and we shall begin with Miss Scott. I believe we should also hear from Mr. Scott. Do I understand you are *not* related? Strange coincidence. . . . Class dismissed."

Once in the corridor, Mary Ellen and I held a private indignation meeting. "The old crab," said Mary Ellen.

I nodded agreement. "The trouble is," I said, "that unless we know our subjects cold he never gives us a chance. I'm not working my way through college and you've never been on a winter hike so, of course, we can't speak convincingly."

"Hm-m-m-m; Bob, do you know what I'm going to do?" Mary Ellen puckered up her brow. "I'm going to go on a winter hike tomorrow!"

"With whom and why?"

"With you, and perhaps Fred Marshall and Kay Parks; and because I want to get up before that class and show them and Mr. Allen that I know something about hikes!"

"But the Monday assignment is a speech for amusement," I objected, "and besides, Saturday is my busy day. Can't you read about winter hikes in the library?"

"No. I must experience one," said Mary Ellen in a determined voice.

"But I don't know anything about winter hiking," I protested feebly. "I still think you ought to get a book."

"No," said Mary Ellen cheerfully. "That's not the way. We're going."

Well, the more I thought about it the more I believed the hiking business would be good fun, especially with Fred and Kay along. At dinner at The Den the four of us talked it over.

"We'll all meet at McLean's grocery store tomorrow morning at ten o'clock," said Mary Ellen, "get the food there, and start out."

"You bring an axe, matches, and whatever else you want," said Fred to me, "and let me attend to the rest."

The next day dawned bright and clear. It dawned, but I didn't see it. The first thing I knew, Tom Cooley came running up into the dormitory of my fraternity house and shook me violently. "Fred Marshall on the 'phone," he said, "and he's sore about something."

"Ye gods," I muttered sleepily, "what time is it?"

"Quarter to ten," said Cooley.

I jumped into my clothes as quickly as I could and ran all the way to McLean's without thinking twice.

"Hello, hiker!" greeted Mary Ellen brightly. "You look as fresh as one of last year's begonias!"

"I had to read a lot of psychology last night," I mumbled apologetically. "Am I late? Got everything, Fred?"

"I guess so, Mark. I mean Question Mark! A frying pan, coffee pot for tea, skillet, knives, forks and so forth, not to

mention a copy of *How to Know the Birds!* Mary Ellen and Kay have salt, pepper, sugar, bread, bacon, butter—"

"Also some canned stuff," put in Mary Ellen.

"And newspapers for the fire," added Kay. "We can use them to sit on, too. Saves the trouble of taking blankets."

"Sounds fine," I said. "Especially the bird book. I think I'll have pages one to twelve for breakfast!"

"I was only kidding about that," grinned Fred.

We finally got under way and headed for the open country, only two or three miles outside of Danford. Fred and I each carried a knapsack in which everything had been packed; but we hadn't gone far before we realized we hadn't packed them properly.

"Rule number one," grunted Fred as he shifted his pack higher up on his shoulders. "Pack cans so they won't dig into your back!"

"Rule number two," I contributed, stamping my feet. "Always get up in time to dress properly. Wear woolen socks or stockings; stout, comfortable shoes; and a good pair of gloves."

"Rule number three," said Mary Ellen with a shiver. "Don't rely on the walking itself to keep you warm. An extra sweater pays dividends."

"Rule number four," laughed Kay. "Remember the first three!"

We walked about four miles, I guess, until we found a camp site we liked. It was located on a knoll and two outcroppings of flat rock furnished a natural bench on which to sit. Plenty of dead trees offered good firewood, but we found they were slightly wet.

By the time we had unpacked our duffle and got things cleared away we were all nearly starved, so we decided to postpone further hiking until after lunch.

"Rule number five," ruled Fred. "Always eat a good hot breakfast before undertaking a hike. Walking without sufficient nourishment is worse than no exercise at all."

"Yes," I agreed with a groan. "Well, let's get some wood and start a fire." I stopped suddenly as a disturbing thought struck me. "Let's all—uh—try to find some sticks or something," I stammered.

Fred dropped the wire gadget he was unfolding and walked over to me. "Oh, so you forgot the axe, eh?" he said reaching for a snowball which was destined for my neck. "Don't tell me you forgot the matches, too!"

"Gosh, I did," I admitted. "I suppose I'll have to rub two sticks together. Isn't that the way it's done?"

"Never mind, Dan Beard," Fred laughed. "I brought some matches!"

"What would you do without Fred?" asked Mary Ellen mischievously.

"The same as I do *with* him," I grinned. "Nothing!"

After a little search we collected enough bits of wood to start a good fire. Mary Ellen, purely by accident, found some thistles and milkweed sticking up above the snow. They made a pretty fair

(Continued on page 38)

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## Mary Ellen Hikes

(Continued from page 37)

blaze. Of course, we had to start by using the newspapers, which left us nothing to sit on. Mary Ellen and Kay busied themselves with the food, Fred fixed the skillet over the center of the crackling fire, and I filled the coffee pot with water from a canteen I found in my knapsack. The potatoes we pushed underneath the struggling conflagration.

When Mary Ellen got out the cans, we discovered we had forgotten the can-opener. I broke both blades of my knife, and Fred's too, trying to get at the food, but the only result was three badly dented tin cans.

"All that food, and nothing to eat!" wailed Mary Ellen. "Gosh, I'm hungry."

"Never mind," said Kay, putting the frying pan on the grill beside the warming coffee pot, "we'll have something in a jiffy."

"I'd rather have mine in a cup," answered Fred feebly.

Kay began to have trouble with the cooking utensils. Mary Ellen patiently blew on the fire. Fred gathered more thistles, and the flames soon crackled merrily.

"This fire is getting hot!" exclaimed Kay.

"It is a bit ambitious," admitted Fred, casting an anxious eye on the mounting blaze. "Perhaps we shouldn't have built such a big one to start with."

"I know we shouldn't have!" gasped Kay as she backed away from the heat.

"Here," I volunteered, "let me attend to that." I decided it was about time I did something useful. But in two minutes I had to beat a hasty retreat.

"Throw some snow on the fire," ordered Fred. "First thing you know we won't have any bacon left!"

And first thing we knew we didn't have any bacon left—or anything else. In the midst of our fire-fighting activities Kay made a snowball about the size of a grapefruit and by a slight miscalculation tossed it smack onto the handle of the frying pan, which upset, spilling all the grease onto the fire which leaped up with renewed vigor. The bacon began to sizzle and I hastily got a stick with the intention of lifting the entire grill off the blazing pile of wood.

"Look out," warned Fred, but it was too late. Over went the frying pan and with it the coffee pot. With a loud hissing noise the spilled water put out half the fire. Fred and I immediately rushed in and attempted to rescue the remains but succeeded only in getting ourselves some blisters. The bacon looked like strips of wrinkled crêpe; what we saw of the potatoes resembled lumps of hard coal.

"Well," said Mary Ellen, kicking one, "I should think they would at least have been soft by now, in that fire!"

"I seem to recall," said Fred, "that potatoes take a terrible time to cook outdoors. I read it in a book. I wish we had that book here now!"

We were stricken by the calamity, and all surveyed the scene mournfully.

"Well," I said, "we could have saved all this mess if we'd pulled some of the

blazing sticks away from the fire in the first place." It looked like Remnant Day!

"What is there left to eat?" asked Kay weakly.

"Bread and butter," suggested Mary Ellen sadly.

"Oh, no!" shouted Fred suddenly. "Look at Bob's feet!"

"What's the matter with them?" I asked, startled.

"You're standing on the bread!" shrieked Mary Ellen.

"And Fred is standing on the butter!" shrieked Kay almost at the same instant.

There was a sudden sound behind us and we all turned to face a grizzled old farmer waving a vicious-looking shotgun.

"Get off my proppity!" he commanded in a high-pitched voice that cracked at every other word. "Tryin' to burn out all my timber? Git!"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said Fred, eyeing the shotgun. "Yes, sir!"

And as the farmer disappeared the humor of the whole situation burst simultaneously on the four of us and we collapsed completely into states bordering hysteria.

"Well," said Fred as we collected ourselves around the table in The Den and ordered steak dinners, "what did we learn this afternoon?"

"Never build a large fire for cooking," said Kay, "and don't leave food on the ground where it'll be stepped on!"

"Also," I added, "always look around for 'No Trespassing' signs!"

"Well," I said, with determination, "I'm going to get a book and learn something about winter hiking just so's I'll know it."

"I'm not!" said Mary Ellen with fire in her eyes. "I'm going to talk about the hike on Monday and it's going to be funny. I'll make that class laugh or cry—take your choice!"

"Just tell them what actually happened," advised Fred.

"Even then they won't believe you," smiled Kay.

When Monday's class came did Mary Ellen make that class laugh? Ask any of the members! Mary Ellen talked for eight minutes, without giving Mr. Allen any opportunity or cause for justifiable criticism.

After it was over she asked me for the book I had borrowed from the library on hiking.

"What's the idea?" said I. "Your speech is over and it was a wow!"

"I want to know the right way to go on a hike," she said. "I think it might be fun, if we knew how."

So I handed her Kephart's *Camping and Woodcraft*. "Read it," I said. "You'll learn something. But it's lucky you didn't know all this before our hike, or your speech wouldn't have been half so funny!"

Of course, my speech was a flop in comparison but I'll make up for that. I'm going to work my way through college next week and so I'll know what I'm talking about!



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*Would you like to be a hostess to Queen Mary of England? Ishbel MacDonald is—*

## Why Not a Progressive Party?

(Continued from page 22)

find a table (it may be boards on a trestle as in olden days) bearing cups, plates, napkins and spoons. The places have been numbered to correspond to the Valentines numbers. Each man serves his Valentine and himself with bowls of luscious cream of tomato soup topped by whipped cream, and crackers.

When the castle (the kitchen) is again in order, the party dons its wraps and hastens along the silver road to Crystal Hill where there are bobsleds for coasting. They then follow to the next house (which, by the way, should have a floor large enough for dancing and music). Here will be found a second Valentine which will inform the finder that he is to bid farewell to his present partner and seek another that has the same number as his second Valentine to which is attached an old fashioned dance program. The directions inform the men that first each must dance with every girl and get her name on his program, otherwise a forfeit must be paid.

Each man then repairs to the kitchen to secure two packages with numbers corresponding to the Valentine and further directions to proceed on to Castle Happy Hour to gather around the fireplace and proceed to play games:

### Heart Shooting

For this game, arrange a string across the room at a height of about five feet six inches from the floor. On this, at intervals of one foot, string five paper hearts, varying in diameter from two to ten inches. Each heart bears a number—the large hearts, small numbers; the small hearts, large numbers. To play the game, the player stands six feet from the hearts and using a small, soft, rubber ball, tries to hit each of the hearts, having two trials for each heart. A score is kept for each player, the highest score winning a prize.

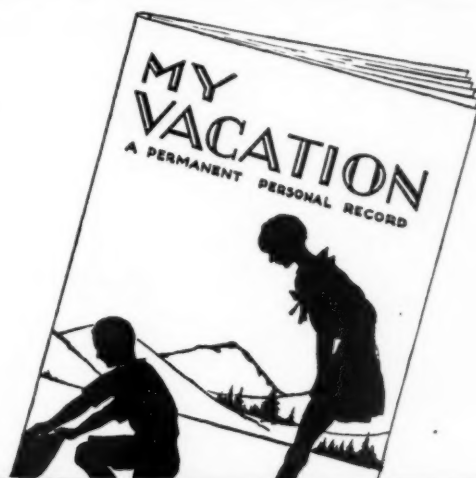
### Hearts and Faces

For this game, supply each guest with a piece of paper, a pencil and a pin. To play the game, direct each player to close his eyes and draw a heart on the paper. Next, he is to open his eyes and in the heart draw a face. These drawings are signed, pinned on the wall and judged by a committee for prizes. Prizes may be given for the best and worst drawings.

Here is another game: Furnish each guest with an envelope containing a sheet of paper or an oblong lace paper doily, two or three small hearts and stars or an appropriate cutout or two, a bit of gay ribbon or string, and a pencil, and let each one concoct a Valentine. Put it back in the envelope, write an address on it and put in a place called the post office. Appoint a postmistress. Everyone then calls at the post office for a Valentine.

After that, the guests go to the kitchen for hot coffee with their sandwiches. And they may toast marshmallows, too.

(Continued on page 40)



## Keep an interesting record of those golden days at camp in a MAN O'WAR Diary

**H**APPY days are coming if you are going to camp next summer, days when you can "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile". But like all happy days, they will pass quickly. So preserve your memories of camp life in a MAN O'WAR Diary. Keep a daily record of all the thrilling events. Take notes of hikes, canoe trips, camp sports, camp cheers and camp fires in the convenient places provided for these activities. Have your friends fill in the page for autographs, paste their pictures in the diary and

fill in all the other appropriate pages with interesting things to show your friends at home.

This diary will be given free to every girl who buys MAN O'WAR Camp Togs. In each MAN O'WAR garment there is a coupon which entitles you to a camp diary. So be sure to look for two things when you buy your middies, bloomers, shorts, dance rompers and other camp togs—the MAN O'WAR Trade Mark and the free diary coupon.

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The shorts are swanky in cut and are priced at \$1.50.

The skirt is pleated and is made on a bodice. Price, \$2.00.

The above may also be had in Copen Blue or Tan at the same prices.

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*She's not much older than you, but see for yourself—in the March number*



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## Why Not a Progressive Party?

(Continued from page 39)

Here is a menu suggestion, although you may, of course, substitute your own ideas.

### MENU

Tomato Soup  
Sandwiches  
Hot Chocolate  
Toasted Marshmallows

### Cream of Tomato Soup

1 tablespoon butter	1 pint milk
1 small onion minced	1 teaspoon butter
1 stalk celery cut in julienne strips	salt and pepper to taste
1 can tomato soup	

Melt the tablespoon of butter. Add the onion and celery and cook slowly for five minutes. Add a little water and simmer for ten minutes more. Add the tomato. Scald the milk in the top of a double boiler. Cream the other butter. Dilute to a smooth paste with a little hot milk. Then add the paste to the milk and stir until it bubbles. Add the tomato mixture.

Mix well and serve at once. This recipe will serve four people. Thin, dainty crackers may also be served with the soup.

### Cottage Cheese Sandwiches

Bread for sandwiches should be sliced moderately thin. Cottage cheese used for sandwiches should be moistened with cream, lemon juice or mayonnaise. Here are some delicious sandwiches:

Lettuce leaves and cheese seasoned with salad dressing.

Cheese with chopped peppers.

Cheese with chopped nuts, raisins, figs or dates.

Cheese with chopped parsley

Cheese with chopped pickles (dill, sweet or sour) or chopped olives.

### Celery Sandwiches

Mix one cup finely shredded celery, one cup finely chopped nuts and one-fourth cup chopped olives. Moisten with mayonnaise and spread between thin slices of bread.

## Steps to Health and Grace

(Continued from page 11)

dancing girls. You remember, Loie Fuller was the American girl who brought scarf dancing back into vogue. The smooth, controlled movement necessary for good scarf waving develops a most marble-like contour in the muscles of arms, shoulders and neck. Try waving a fairly large scarf (a sheet will do) for five or ten minutes. You will be surprised how tired your muscles get. But it is excellent exercise, and it is great fun, too, to see how many different movements you can create.

Suppose now we have developed a perfectly symmetrical body, what more is there to do? Have you ever known a gymnast that had perfectly developed muscles and yet seemed to look stiff, and awkward at a social gathering? So remember in deciding the type of dancing you will study, be sure to choose the kind that teaches natural movements and attitudes, as this is better training in grace than, for instance, ballet dancing. We don't stand on our toes at an afternoon tea, neither do we pirouette down the street.

For practice at home, walk toward your mirror and criticize yourself. Do you suggest a healthy, happy, capable person? Are you wearing your head on top of your spine as if it were something worth while? How about your shoulders? Are they nice and flat and held down and back so you will have dimples in your shoulder blades, or are they drooping forward and making bumps on your back? Look at your hips; and how are your feet? Are they pointing straight ahead or are they pigeon-toed? Get yourself all in place. Now raise your weight off your legs, and step out like the typical American girl.

But there is something further to be desired even after we have sculptured

our bodies into symmetry and learned to move gracefully in everyday life. To have truly vivid personalities we must be expressive. Expressiveness is really only coordination of mind and body. And there is no better way of developing this harmony of personality than by dancing, for dancing is the art of expressing thought and feeling through bodily attitude and movement.

But now we come to what we are going to express. After all, that is very important. The girls that take up cheap vaudeville dancing with its ordinary ideas and emotions succeed at best in expressing common, petty ideas.

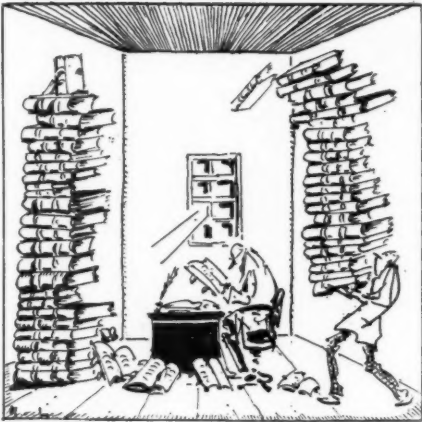
Look through your victrola records. Pick out some musical masterpieces and try to express the meaning of the music in movement. Handel's *Largo* is an excellent selection to practice beautiful poised walking. Beethoven's *Contra Dance* is good for free, gay skipping. *March Lorraine* by Ganne and *March Militaire* by Schubert may both be used to accompany vigorous, courageous leaping as in the drawing.

There is nothing like good sculpture to give us a feeling for beautiful lines and positions. When you go to the museum, notice the sculpture and try to imitate the graceful poses.

The next time you read a lovely poem, try to express it in a dance. There are some beautiful dance ideas in Lowell's *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, or Milton's *Comus*. Among the modern poets Edna St. Vincent Millay is most popular.

When we dance, we are developing expressiveness, but unless we dance beautiful ideas we are not acquiring beautiful expression. When we lift our bodies to interpret in a dance the ever-aspiring faith motif of Wagner's *Parsifal*, a precious residue of beauty remains forever in our personalities.

*Piquant dishes of all nations for your foreign dinner party—*



# King Winter in Books

By

ELINOR WHITNEY

THIS is the time of year when those who are interested in winter sports are probably enjoying them to the fullest. There are not many books which describe adequately the real delight of a cold snowy winter when the ponds are covered with clear black ice or the hills with unbroken snow, a sparkling invitation to sled, ski or toboggan. There is a picture book (which, by the way, should you have a brother or sister under seven, you ought to get some day) made by a Swedish artist, Elsa Beskow. It tells of a small boy's visit to King Winter's home, and is called *Olle's Ski Trip* (Harper). Olle starts off for the forest on his new skis and, because he takes true delight in snow, ice, and cold, when he enters King Winter's domain he encounters wonderful adventures.

Of course there are a few books written in the hope of helping the amateur to some sort of proficiency in various outdoor activities, such as Elon Jessup's *Snow and Ice Sports* (Dutton) and William Dustin White's *Book of Winter Sports* (Houghton Mifflin). Both of these give sound advice to those who are able to benefit. Then such a book as Alfred Lunn's *The History of Skiing* (Oxford University Press) makes one's eyes open in astonishment at the feats and records which have been made in skiing.

No one who has read Dickens' *Pickwick Papers* will ever forget the extraordinary performance of Mr. Winkle on skates—how, after a great difficulty, and with the help of Mr. Weller, Mr. Winkle finally got his skates buckled on and was raised to his feet.

"Now then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arm with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

"This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates, ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkward gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam."

Then, too, there is the stout Mr.

Pickwick himself going "slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all spectators."

Frances Lester Warner in her *Twenty Miles Out* (Houghton Mifflin) also describes skating difficulties very understandingly. If you have never read any of Miss Warner's books, try this and her equally amusing *Groups and Couples* (Houghton Mifflin).

However, not all descriptions of skating are humorous, for will you ever forget the exciting race in *Hans Brinker*, or *The Silver Skates* by Mary Mapes Dodge (Scribner)? I don't believe there is any book that pictures a sport more wonderfully than this. The pages are flashing with skates, and men, women, and children in holiday gladness disporting themselves on the glassy canals of Amsterdam.

In *Jolly Good Times* by Mary P. Wells Smith (Little, Brown), in a new edition with attractive pictures by Helen Grose, there are old-fashioned high-backed sleighs and the ringing of sleigh bells, for the Kendalls and Whittakers live on a Massachusetts farm and have the joy of being snowed in, of sleighing and coasting and feeling King Winter at his very frostiest.

*Trail's End* by Betty Gilchrist (Century) is a good story of a winter house-party, full of good natured rivalry in winter sports, a story I remember after several years because it seemed so real and such a very likely good time.

In *Mid-winter* by Katharine Adams (Macmillan) we find King Winter in Norway and see how the young Norwegian boys and girls and the American girl who is visiting them enjoy him.

Louisa Alcott's *Jack and Jill* (Little, Brown) starts off with the shout of "Clear the lulla!", that cry which immediately calls to mind the hillside alive with boys and girls and sleds and barking dogs and bright-colored hoods and mufflers. It is the coasting accident in this first chapter which ripens the friendship between Jack and Jill.

King Winter inspires Pooh in *The House at Pooh Corner* by A. A. Milne (Dutton) to compose a hum. By the way, there is a new book of songs called *The Hums of Pooh*, which your little sister or brother will like. This special hum was the best of "all the outdoor hums for snowy weather." Read and see!



## Join our Money-and-Prizes Club!

MARY's cheeks grew rosy . . . and her eyes sparkled like stars.

"I've never had such a good time in my life," she said to herself.

If you had seen her, you'd have understood why, at once. For she wore a flutery chiffon frock and a gay little necklace to match. (And charming new clothes make all of us feel at our best.)

How her fingers flew as she strummed a merry tune on her banjo-uke and the others sang!

"I was happiest, though," Mary wrote, "because I was so proud of myself. You see I had bought my dress and the necklace with the \$1.2 I had earned in The Girls' Club. And the banjo-uke which I received as a prize was the most thrilling surprise."

Wouldn't you like such a happy experience, too? You can enjoy it soon by joining the hundreds of schoolgirls and Girl Scouts who are earning for recreation . . . for clothes . . . for school expenses—and who are winning such charming prizes in our Club.

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Eleanor H., a Girl Scout, says: "I have earned \$10 in a very short time. I feel that I am making friends and earning money in an easy way."

And Fern S., who earned nearly \$40 in a few months, tells me: "Since joining The Club I am getting the little things I've always wished for. My prize pearls came the other day and they are beautiful. Thanks to The Club, all my dreams are gradually coming true."

### Don't "Put It Off"

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#### Manager of The Girls' Club

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What could be more suitable for your International Month program!—in March

## Red Coats and Blue

(Continued from page 21)

"I am riding with you as far as King's Bridge," the Major explained. "The road is full of the riff-raff a battle leaves behind."

Juliet protested. "Indeed, we cannot think of taking your time in this way. Pray, sir, to let us proceed."

"Nay," the Major answered.

They made quick time up the Bloomingtondale Road and soon they were in open country. The Major changed his position, riding on Juliet's side of the chaise, and talking to her, as they went along. Juliet drew toward Gretta uneasily and answered the Major in monosyllables. Once she cried out, "Sir, it is unfair of you to take this opportunity to make advances you know to be unwelcome."

Gretta heard his reply, "Surely what I say any man may say to a lady. I ask you to be my wife. Juliet, you *shall* marry me."

Juliet trembled with anger.

Just at that moment a man stepped out into the road and seized the head of their horse. He was followed by others who stood in the protection of the trees, but showed the muzzles of their flintlocks. The leader spoke.

"Your pass, if you please, ladies."

Major Harding rode up to him.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "We are beyond the lines."

"We are here to prevent the passage of spies to and from the rebel army. Your pass, please. You are outnumbered, sir, and had better comply."

The Major tacitly admitted the truth of their statement by producing the pass.

"This does not mention either escort or driver," the man asserted. "The ladies must turn back."

"But we can't!" cried Gretta. "We are going to a friend who is wounded."

The Major eyed the men coldly.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

The leader consulted with his party in whispers.

"You do us an injustice," he said, "but if the ladies can leave their valuables with us as a guarantee that they will return this way—"

Gretta's hand flew to her throat where her mother's pearls rested.

"I can't give you these!" she cried.

"Can't?" he moved toward the chaise.

What would have happened she never knew, for at that moment a whistle sounded and out of the wood rode a man. Something familiar in his pose reassured Gretta before she saw his face. It was Mr. Jimmy.

The hood of her cloak concealed her face and he did not recognize her.

"What's this—" he demanded. "Bullying women? You didn't expect me back so soon, did you?"

"I regret, madam," he doffed his hat. And then Gretta leaned forward and cried, "Mr. Jimmy!"

"Tis my little rescuer!" he exclaimed. "Bless me, but this happens pleasantly!"

"Aye, pleasantly for you, but not for us," Major Harding angrily interrupted.

"If they are your followers, look to yourself, fellow. Such things go not unpunished when practiced upon an officer of

the King. Begone with your bandits!"

Mr. Jimmy drew back, haughtily. "These are not my followers. 'Tis true that they serve my purpose now and then and that I have some slight control over them, as you see. I am not a bandit, sir, but an honest trader."

He would have turned his horse and ridden away, for Gretta was bewildered and helpless, but Juliet cried out, "No, no, Mr. Jimmy. Come back!"

He turned, startled at being called by name in the voice of a stranger. There was enough light left to show her lovely face, and her dark eyes, bright with fear.

"Please," she pleaded, "take me to Peter Sylvester's farm, where my brother lies wounded. This gentleman," her emphasis on the word gave it a double meaning, "has pressing duties in New York."

Mr. Jimmy came back, looking from Gretta's face to Juliet's.

Then Major Harding showed his character. Gretta had never seen a man convulsed with rage. He rode at Mr. Jimmy, his sword drawn.

"Nay, nay," laughed Mr. Jimmy, avoiding him deftly. "Not before ladies, my friend. You forget yourself."

Two of the rough men who had stopped them were holding the Major's frightened horse.

"If it is indeed your wish, madam," Mr. Jimmy spoke to Juliet, "I will conduct you to the farm of Peter Sylvester. If these men will detain the gentleman for an hour he can then return to his duties in New York."

"Thank you, sir," Juliet replied.

They signaled the postillion to drive on, and the chaise started, Mr. Jimmy riding at its side.

Once upon a time Peter Sylvester's farm had been famous for its comfort, cleanliness and good cheer, but it had suffered in all three respects from the attention of the armies. The peace which had enveloped the homestead was shattered, and the kindness and trustfulness gone. It was a gloomy and suspicious man who opened the door to Juliet and Gretta.

"Think you I am making my house a hospital for those that have plundered and ruined me?" he grumbled.

"Oh," cried Gretta, "but Amory is here, is he not?"

She had stepped forward into the light now and Peter could see her white face.

"Why, 'tis a little maid," he ejaculated

in surprise. "Mother, come here—" He held the door open more widely, and beckoned the two within. Dame Sylvester hurried forward.

"Come in, my dear," she invited. "Whoever you are, or whatever side you take, you shall be warmed and fed. Yes, come to the fire, and you too—" she turned to Juliet while Peter shambled out to attend to the driver and his horse.

But Juliet turned back to listen for the sound of galloping feet. Mr. Jimmy had waited until they were safe within the farmhouse before he rode away.

"But Amory—may we go to him?" asked Gretta.

The two girls were led up to the room where Amory lay tossing deliriously on a great bed. Juliet sat down beside him, and in a moment Dame Sylvester drew Gretta away.

"Ye are too young for such things. I will make you a bed by the fire, poor child, and you must sleep."

She talked to Gretta as she busied herself making a bed on the old settle.

"We are Loyalists," she said. "But we are human, and that is why, when that lad crawled to our door, bleeding and dying, we took him in, in spite of his rebel blue coat."

Peter Sylvester walked into the kitchen as she said this, and, looking at his wife with stolid meaning, he said:

"That horse—it is a good one! He would go another ten miles tonight and back again. We have no horses left," he explained to Gretta. "The lad will die if we cannot get help. We think it may be possible for a man on a good horse to get through to a surgeon we know near New Rochelle. Will you let me ride him to get the doctor?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Take the horse!" Gretta cried.

Old Peter shambled out to see that the food was sufficient for the task expected of the mount. Thinking of Amory, Gretta fell into a fitful sleep. She woke to hear old Peter shuffling to open to a soldier, who strode in and shouted in a voice she knew, "Are you here? Are you safe? Gretta!"

Gretta jumped from her bed.

"Denis!" she cried.

He fairly flung himself upon her.

"Thank God!" was all he said for a moment; then he sank down, shivering, beside the fire.

Then his story came out. He had been sent as a despatch rider into New Jersey and had heard, on his way home, of the girls' expedition to find Amory. At the same time he had heard of the robber band in the wood. He had crossed the river, ferried over with his horse on a barge, hoping to intercept the girls in time, but had been too late. He had been stopped by the same band, robbed of his horse and papers and released.

"But did you not know Major Harding was with us?"

Denis raised a haggard face. "Gretta, he is a devil!" he said. "I've found him out. That he was with you frightened me more than anything. He orders his men flogged and watches the

(Continued on page 44)



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... it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

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To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater,



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gard it as hygienically *safe*. What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

## *Why smart women prefer Kotex*

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform... shaped at the corners and tapered.

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- 3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.
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- 5 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

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Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

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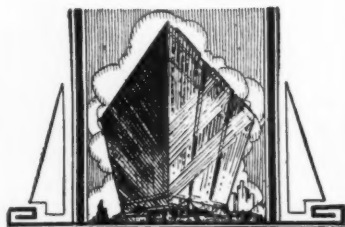
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### A GOOD HABIT

If you have acquired the habit of getting subscriptions for the Contest, don't give it up now. Remember, you can earn money by bringing in new subscribers through the Earn-Your-Own Club!

## Red Coats and Blue

(Continued from page 42)

flogging. He likes it. I'm afraid of him!" Gretta cried, "You were carrying despatches. You have lost them?"

"Yes, but if I had a horse it would not be so bad. I have news of an ambush near Princetown waiting reinforcements going up tomorrow. I must get back. Gretta, I must take your horse. There are lives at stake."

Peter Sylvester turned to Gretta.

"'Tis a choice, my dear," he told her, "the life of one rebel or perhaps the lives of many of the King's men. And there's this lad, too, who's risked his honor for you, though ye were safe, after all. Which shall have the horse?"

Gretta covered her eyes with her hands. She saw in that blackness, the company of soldiers swinging along a darkening road. Perhaps they would be Highland soldiers—her father riding by their side. There would be a wood, perhaps, and the kilted band would enter it. Shots would ring out from behind trees and—

"Oh, Denis, take my horse and go!" she cried. "Go quickly!"

"You're safe, Gretta?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, yes! Only go!" she cried, for now she saw another picture—Amory's tormented, tossing figure and his bright unseeing eyes. He would die—and she would have chosen that he should die. All her life she would have that to remember.

"Denis!" she cried, starting to her feet. "Denis! No, no, I—"

The room was empty. The sound of hoofs, galloping on the frost-bound road, rang back to her for the second time that night.

### CHAPTER XII

#### The Blue Bow-Knot

On a gay winter's morning Gretta woke to the sound of music. Drums were beating, bugles blowing, marching feet throbbed along the city streets, for the army was on the move at last to join Cornwallis in his chase of the rebels. And today Denis was to receive one thousand lashes.

It was by accident that Gretta knew. She had overheard Cousin Bernicia and Juliet talking.

"Worse than death to the lad, I fear. Major Harding thought the example necessary," said Cousin Bernicia.

"Major Harding is cruel and evil—Mother, I must tell you. Amory's life has been saved, we hope. The surgeon has moved him to his own house. It was Gretta's friend, Mr. Jimmy, who saved him by bringing the surgeon. I told him about Denis and the papers. He will try to recover them."

Cousin Bernicia did not speak, and Gretta, sick and faint with the news, had pretended to be asleep when they found her. Now she lay still for a moment as the memory stabbed her.

Before she had finished her dressing, Juliet came into the room, hurriedly, and said, "Gretta, is this yours?" She held out a faded knot of blue rib-

bon. Gretta stared at it and took it. "A messenger came and left this and said to tell you to be on Broadway by Saint Paul's Church at twelve. What does it mean?"

"It is my knot of ribbon!" Gretta exclaimed, "and the gypsy said I was to trust the one who returned it. It means help. It must be Mr. Jimmy. I'll go as he says. Will you come with me?"

"Of course I will," Juliet said.

They hurried down the stairs, wrapped against the frost, each carrying a muff of beaver fur. They came into Broadway just south of Saint Paul's Church in time to get good places between a stout woman in a striped skirt and enormous apron and a gentleman in brown cloth who kept back a crowd of small boys by swinging his stick in an irate manner.

Soon the sound of distant music was heard. The crowd surged forward. A party of cavalry came first. Then came a band of grenadiers, followed by an infantry regiment in all their bravery of red coat, buskin, white breeches and shining accoutrements. Fraser's Highlanders followed, kilted and bonneted, their broadswords replaced by muskets and bayonets.

Then came the officers, and a regiment of the line, and then the personal staff of His Excellency, Sir William Howe.

But as they came forward, the General acknowledging the cheers of the crowd by salutes to right and left, there was a struggle in the line of spectators. Someone called out, "Despatches—Important despatches for His Excellency. Make way, make way!"

Gretta felt a thrill of sudden hope. She and Juliet peered between the intervening heads to see a man ride into the roadway and make his way to the side of the General. He rode a thoroughbred flaked with foam, and his own garments showed signs of hard riding. They could not see his face, but Gretta knew that he was Mr. Jimmy.

Somehow they twisted and thrust themselves nearer and nearer to the group of officers and the dark-coated rider, who handed a bundle of papers to the aide who gave them to the Commander in Chief.

Sir William Howe opened them.

"These are valuable despatches. They contain useful information. You are not a soldier—" his eye ran over Mr. Jimmy's dress. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh," whispered Gretta, "he must ask for his pardon, Juliet."

They listened. Mr. Jimmy's voice sounded warm in the frosty air.

"Pardon, your Excellency, for a lad named Denis Bartholomew, who was robbed of these papers on the King's Bridge road a fortnight ago. He is a private in the Royal Americans."

Sir William Howe turned to his aide. "See that this pardon is granted at once," he ordered.

Mr. Jimmy reined back his horse as the girls saw him search the crowd with his blue eyes. He did not see Gretta, but for one moment his glance met Juliet's,

*Who ever said that dogs can't think?—*

as she looked up at him. Then he wheeled his horse about and made off at a careless canter up the lane.

It was a long day of waiting in the little house in Wall Street, but late that evening a young private asked to see Mistress Lathrop.

"You are friends of Private Bartholomew?" he asked, and when they assented, he continued, "I am asked to tell you that he escaped from the prisoners' ship last night. He left some papers addressed to Mistress Gretta Cameron."

Gretta took the sheaf of manuscript.

There was a letter from Denis written in his careful, flowing hand. It read:

Most honored friend:

It will not surprise you to hear that I cannot endure the punishment to which I am condemned. I know now that I will never make a soldier, and an opportunity to escape occurs which I dare not refuse. I am going into the wilderness, and you may never hear of me again, but I shall always remember you.

This is going to be a great country some day and I shall see it grow and strengthen. I should like to have a hand in it. I have no family or friends to leave behind me, and lest you should think of me with regret, I write this letter. I have seen what war is and it seems to me cruel and useless. I am taking nothing from my country in escaping, for I should not live through the ordeal of tomorrow. You will know that I am going forth on an adventure which fires my enthusiasm. Some day, perhaps, I will write to you again. In the meantime these are my verses. Please take them as a sign of friendship, from one you may never see again.

Denis Bartholomew.

Gretta turned over the verses, her eyes blinded with tears. They were like Denis himself, gay, fanciful, melancholy and strange, but they were never awkward or comic as he so often was.

Christmas came and went in a round of merriment. As a concession to the season, Gretta was allowed to go to a great dinner. The table was gay with bonbons, candles, silver and fine glass. The ladies wore their best too, their hair dressed high and powdered—their gowns of the latest French brocades. Sir William Howe himself was there and toasts were proposed and drunk and speeches were made, and all was hopefulness and good cheer. The rebel army was being defeated by the harsh winter, by poverty and discouragement.

And at that moment, very quietly, barges and boats were gathering among floating ice in the Delaware River. Silent men in tattered garments were there and another man of infinite patience watched the embarkation proceed. On the opposite bank, the Hessians drank and sung their songs of home, but there were no songs for the Continentals that night. Those came later—much later, indeed, but they came at last.

It was on that night that Juliet's chance came. Gretta saw Major André lead Juliet to Sir William Howe. She entered into conversation with him and Gretta drew near and heard.

"Carstairs, Jimmy Carstairs? Bless (Continued on page 46)



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## Red Coats and Blue

(Continued from page 45)

me, if I have not some inquiry about him. Why, yes, his father died and he is wanted at home. I remember that story, an old affair. A duel. Yes, yes, I'll take up the matter at once. And now, my dear, may I not have this dance?"

So Juliet danced, and danced gaily, with the Commander in Chief, and it was not until the evening was over and their coach at the door that a young officer hurried down the hall, distress in his eyes.

"Mistress Lathrop," he addressed Cousin Bernicia, "you have a son in the rebel army?"

Cousin Bernicia stiffened.

"No rebel is a son of mine, sir."

"A rebel officer by the name of Lathrop is reported to have died as a result of wounds."

As Gretta reached for the support of the wall behind her, a voice rang in her ears, "And when ye've had such news as ye cannot live and hear, ye'll know it is not true."

"I don't believe it," she cried out.

On a day in early spring, when the orchards were white and pink with apple blossoms, hiding the shabbiness and ruin left by the trail of war, two girls, accompanied by a postillion, were driving to the Torch and Hammer Inn.

It had been a festive week, for Jamsie and Jeanie had been married the day before in the Presbyterian Church in Wall Street, and Captain Cameron, now Major, had been present, bringing the news that he was to be invalided home for six months leave, and was taking Gretta with him. To Gretta's great joy Juliet was going too. Their cabins were arranged on a packet bound for Plymouth to be accompanied by three frigates of the Navy.

The Torch and Hammer Inn, reached at midday, was a quaint spot, well away from the High Road and surrounded by apple trees. They were met at the gate by Mr. Jimmy himself.

"We've brought you a surprise," Gretta announced. "It was Juliet who—"

But Juliet interrupted her. "No, don't believe her. Gretta did everything."

"Why, Juliet, how can you say so!" Gretta protested. "You know you asked Sir William Howe yourself." But Juliet blushed so painfully that Gretta paused.

"In any case, you bewilder me, Mistress Gretta," Mr. Jimmy declared. "I obeyed your summons gladly, but now I am here, please explain the mystery."

Gretta drew from a large knitting bag, borrowed for the special purpose, a formidable parchment.

"It is your pardon, signed by the King himself. And we want you—Juliet wants you—to come home with us! Will you?"

Mr. Jimmy took the parchment, looking down on it with a doubtful smile. But his gallantry came to the rescue.

"Nothing," he said, "gives me so much pleasure as owing my restoration to favor to two such gracious ladies."

"And now," he smiled gaily, "I have a surprise for you. Mistress Gretta, will you come with me? Mistress Juliet,

will you not be good enough to wait?"

He led her through the inn out into another orchard, neglected now and unkempt, to a little hollow where a group of trees hung over a quietly flowing rivulet. "Someone is waiting for you."

There, sitting on a bank, was Amory. He sprang up when he saw Gretta.

"You—you—" she stammered.

"Why, Gretta! What is the matter?"

Gretta put out her hands! "We thought you were dead—" she answered. "Oh, Amory. You're sure you're not!"

He laughed gaily at that.

"Not quite!" he answered her.

"Gretta—I'm hungry for news of everyone. I've managed to get across the river and I go back to Peekskill tonight after dark. Sit down and talk to me."

She told him all she could of the long, dark winter—of his mother's grief, and how her heart was softened toward him at last—of Denis, now with a farmer in Tryon County, and of her own approaching return to England.

"But you'll come back—" he asked—

"some day you will. Gretta, we're going to win this war."

But the others were coming toward them. Juliet took Amory into her arms with a cry of joy. Mr. Jimmy stood smiling on them all. "I'm going home, Amory," he said. "I'm going home to be respectable, and I shan't like it, I swear. And 'tis these ladies who have brought it all about!"

"Then you will go back with us, Mr. Jimmy?" cried Gretta. "Juliet is coming, too, to pay us a visit in England."

"That," said Mr. Jimmy, quickly, "puts a new complexion on the matter." Juliet blushed and said, "We must go. Goodbye, dear Amory."

The boy kissed his sister in silence, and she turned away.

"Goodbye, Gretta," he said.

As he stood there, trying not to look as if he minded the parting, Gretta saw that his shoes were roughly patched, that his coat sleeve was frayed, and his face thin, as if he had known what it was to be hungry. She saw this and then could not see him at all for tears.

"Oh, Amory," she cried, "I hate war! It doesn't have to be!"

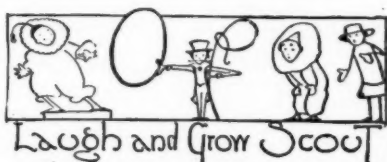
"Why cannot countries be like the people in them, why can't they understand one another? Oh, Amory, goodbye. We will be friends, won't we, always, whatever happens!"

She left him standing there and ran toward Juliet and Mr. Jimmy, who were waiting for her, under the blossom-laden trees.

*What has happened so far in this story*

Gretta Cameron, an English girl whose father is in the Royal Army, goes with him to America during the Revolutionary War. She stays with her cousins, the Lathrops, one of whom, Amory, is in the Rebel Army. Denis, who came over on the transport with Gretta, is with the King's Army and so is Major Harding, who is in love with Gretta's cousin, Juliet. Jimmy Carstairs, a nobleman who has incurred the displeasure of the King, is also in America.

Now that the Subscription Contest is over, remember the Earn-Your-Own Club—



### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

#### To Be Pitied

"Animals," said a naturalist, "don't know how lucky they are. Do a family of rabbits, for instance, realize that they are running about in a beautiful sealskin coat?"—*Sent by BARBARA BEARDSLEE, Weathersfield Center, Vermont.*

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#### Such Ignorance

WIFE: What does "Asbestos" mean, written across the front of the curtain?

HUSBAND: Hush! Be quiet, and don't show your ignorance. That's Latin for welcome.—*Sent by DORIS NEWCOMB, South Braintree, Massachusetts.*

#### A Good Idea

Helen was visiting Jeanne. Jeanne wouldn't let Helen play with any of her toys.

"Gee," complained Helen, "I let you play with my toys when you're over to my house."

"Well," said Jeanne, "let's go over to your house."—*Sent by NOREEN GRACE, Chicago, Illinois.*

#### A Prominent Audience

SPEAKER (at public meeting): And where, I ask you, is Julius Caesar? Where is Attila, the Hun? Where are Moses, Robert Bruce, Charlemagne, Hannibal?

ENTHUSIASTIC USHER: Stand up, boys, so's the boss can see you.—*Sent by R. E. GERMERSHAUSEN, Baltimore, Maryland.*

#### You First, My dear Alphonse!



A man was trying to ride a kicking mule. At last the mule kicked so high, that he got his hind feet caught in the stirrups.

"B'gobs," said the man, "if you're going to get on, I'll get off!"—*Sent by HELENA GRESHAM, Centreville, Texas.*

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Norwalk	Tristram & Hyatt Co.	<b>MONTANA</b>		Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne Co.
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Stamford	C. O. Miller Co.	<b>NEBRASKA</b>		Scranton	Samter Bros.
Torrington	F. H. Joyce Co.	McCook	H. C. Clapp & Co.	Sharon	The Sharon Store
Waterbury	Grieve, Bisset & Holland, Inc.	Omaha	Thompson Belden Co.	Somerset	Groff & Schenck
<b>FLORIDA</b>		Portsmouth	D. F. Borthwick & Co.	Stroudsburg	Wyckoff Dept. Store
Jacksonville	Cohen Bros.	<b>NEW JERSEY</b>		Uniontown	Wright-Metzler Co.
St. Petersburg	Willson-Chase Co.	Camden	Hurley's	Wilkes-Barre	Isaac Long
Tampa	Maas Bros.	East Orange	R. H. Muir, Inc.	York	S. Grumbacher & Son
West Palm Beach	Hatch's Inc.	Elizabeth	Levy Bros.	<b>RHODE ISLAND</b>	
<b>GEORGIA</b>		Jersey City	Kleinhaus Store	Newport	King-McLeod Co.
Atlanta	Davison-Paxon Co.	Leonia	Leonia Dept. Store	Pawtucket	Shartenberg & Robertson
Macon	R. S. Thorpe & Sons	Montclair	H. M. Wood Co.	Providence	Cherry & Webb
Rome	Esserman & Co.	Morrisstown	M. Epstein	Providence	The Outlet Co.
Valdosta	C. C. Varnadore & Co.	New Brunswick	Betsy's Gift Box	Westerly	Lewis Solomon
West Point	J. I. Hagedorn & Co.	Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.	Woonsocket	Goodnow, Morse, Brooks Co.
<b>ILLINOIS</b>		Newark	Kresge Dept. Store	<b>SOUTH CAROLINA</b>	
Champaign	W. Lewis & Co.	Nutley	C. W. Yakinski	Charleston	Jas. F. Condon & Sons
Granite City	Rosenberg Dept. Store	Patterson	Meyer Bros.	Greenville	Keith's Co-op. Store
Joliet	M. A. Felman Company	Plainfield	Tepper Bros.	<b>SOUTH DAKOTA</b>	
Kewanee	Adolph Szold	Rahway	Gries Bros.	Aberdeen	Sam Sudow
Mattoon	Minnie M. Lewis	<b>NEW MEXICO</b>		<b>TENNESSEE</b>	
Mt. Carmel	J. S. Stansfield's Sons	Roswell	Joyce Fruit Co.	Chattanooga	D. B. Loveman Co.
Peoria	Block & Kuhl Co.	<b>NEW YORK</b>		Johnson City	Dosser Bros.
Rock Island	McCabe Dry Goods Co.	Albany	Steeffel Bros.	Knoxville	Woodruff Hardware Co.
Springfield	Myers Bros.	Auburn	L. Marshall Co.	Memphis	Bry Block Mercantile Co.
Wheaton	Pittsford Dry Goods Co.	Binghamton	Hills, McLean & Haskins	Nashville	Burk & Co.
<b>INDIANA</b>		Brooklyn	Abraham & Straus, Inc.	<b>TEXAS</b>	
Ft. Wayne	Wolf & Dessauer Co.	Buffalo	Adams, Mel drum & Anderson Co.	Amarillo	Moore-Poston Co.
Hammond	Kaufman & Wolf	Elmira	J. J. Flanagan & Co.	Austin	C. & S. Sporting Goods Co.
Indiana Harbor	Zimmerman's Department Store	Far Rockaway	A. L. Nebenzahl Dept. Store	Dallas	Sanger Bros.
Indianapolis	L. S. Ayres Co.	Flushing	Abramson's Store	Greenville	Graham-Fagg Co.
Michigan City	Troutwine Clothing Co.	Freeport	The Sporting Goods Shop	Houston	W. C. Munn Co.
<b>IOWA</b>		Geneva	J. W. Smith Dry Goods Co.	Memphis	Cross Dry Goods Co.
Council Bluffs	John Beno Co.	Gloversville	Martin & Naylor Co.	Mineral Wells	Thomas Bros. & Co., Inc.
Des Moines	Yunkers Dept. Store	Herkimer	A. L. Frank's Dept. Store	Paris	Arthur Cadell
Fort Dodge	Gates Dry Goods Co.	Ithaca	Margaret Grave's Gift Shop	San Antonio	Wolf & Marx Co.
Iowa City	Strub's Store	Jamaica	Rothschild Bros.	<b>UTAH</b>	
Iowa City	Yetter's Dept. Store	Jamestown	B. Gertz Co.	Salt Lake City	The Paris Co.
Lemars	Cooper Clothing Co.	Lockport	House of Burnett	<b>VERMONT</b>	
Sioux City	Davidson Bros. Co.	Middletown	Williams Bros. Store	Rutland	Chas. Sterns Co.
<b>KANSAS</b>		New Rochelle	L. Stern Co.	<b>VIRGINIA</b>	
Ft. Leavenworth	Post Exchange	Newburgh	B. Cohen & Co.	Lynchburg	The Guggenheimer Dept. Store
Parsons	Cole's	Niagara Falls	F. Stern	Norfolk	Smith & Welton
Pittsburgh	Ramsay Bros. & Co.	Oneonta	Oneonta Dept. Store, Inc.	Richmond	Thalheimer Bros.
Topeka	Crosby Bros.	Port Jervis	The Helen Beyer Shoppe	<b>WASHINGTON</b>	
Wichita	Geo. Innes Co.	Rochester	B. Forman Co.	Aberdeen	George J. Wolff
<b>KENTUCKY</b>		Rockville Center	A. Kloski & Co.	Tacoma	Frederick & Nelson
Louisville	Kaufman-Straus Co.	Rome	Mrs. G. C. Weller	<b>DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA</b>	
Paducah	Guthrie Co.	Scarsdale	Green Fisher Shop	Washington	J. Garfinkel & Co.
<b>LOUISIANA</b>		Schenectady	H. S. Barney & Co.	Washington	The Hecht Co.
Alexandria	The McAdams Co., Inc.	Syracuse	J. B. Wells & Son Co.	Washington	Woodward & Lothrop
New Orleans	Maison Blanche Co.	Utica	Strauss Store	<b>WEST VIRGINIA</b>	
<b>MAINE</b>		Yonkers	M. Dee & Son	Charleston	The Diamond Store
Bangor	Freese's Dept. Store	<b>NORTH CAROLINA</b>		Parkersburg	Dils Bros. & Co.
Biddeford	Benoit Dunn Co.	Greensboro	The Meyers Co.	Welch	Home Office Supply Co.
Portland	Porteous, Mitchell & Braun Co.	Henderson	E. G. Davis & Sons Co.	Wheeling	Stone & Thomas
<b>MARYLAND</b>		Wilmington	Belk-Williams Co.	<b>WISCONSIN</b>	
Annapolis	The Quality Shop	<b>OHIO</b>		Eau Claire	Wm. Samuelson Dry Goods Co.
Baltimore	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.	Akron	A. Polsky Co.	Madison	Harry F. Manchester, Inc.
<b>MASSACHUSETTS</b>		Athens	McHenry & Sisler	Milwaukee	Boston Store
Attleboro	London's Dept. Store	Canton	Stern & Mann Co.	Milwaukee	Gimbel Bros.
Boston	Jordan Marsh Co.	Cincinnati	The Mabley & Carew Co.	Milwaukee	Edward Schuler Co.
Fall River	R. A. McWhirr Co.			Sheboygan	Sell Bros.
Fitchburg	Goodnow Pearson Co.			<b>WYOMING</b>	
Gardner	Goodnow Pearson Co.			Casper	Kassiss Dry Goods Co.

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When Stamps Are  
Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

THE New Year surely started off with a bang! On January first the Post Office Department reestablished the air mail route between Miami, Florida, and the Bahama Islands. This is known as Foreign Air Mail Route—Number Seven, and operates only between January first and April thirtieth. The mail is carried over the water for a distance of two hundred miles by air and is delivered to either terminal in about two hours.

January first also saw a general reduction in postage rates for letters carried over the various air mail routes now operating between United States and Central and South America. While the reductions are only small they will be a matter of considerable saving to the large users of the South American air mail services. The amount of traffic on this route increases with every trip and I think it is safe to say that this is one of the most important air mail routes in the world. It becomes especially vital with our growing commercial interests in Latin America.

Last month I mentioned the probability of a new air mail stamp. I can now tell you definitely that this will happen and it will be on such short notice that the new stamp may be on sale before you get this issue of your magazine. The Postmaster General wants to have a very attractive design, as the stamp will be printed in the single color blue. At the time I am writing this, it seems that the Sherman Hill beacon will be used as the pictorial subject of the stamp, which will undoubtedly turn out to be most attractive.

The Department is also considering the issuing of a new series of "postage due" stamps. This will include not only the general issues, but an air mail series that will possibly run as high as a ten dollar denomination. This new series will not be produced until the spring.

The Dominican Republic was formerly the Spanish portion of the island of Haiti. It is the oldest settlement of European origin in the American continent. Early this year a new series of postage stamps will appear and this will be five denominations—one-half cent, one cent, two cent, five cent, and ten cent. The stamps will show the church of San Ignacio de Loyola, at Santo Domingo City. Because of the recent military struggles in Haiti, these stamps should be particularly interesting to you now. And if you attend the movies, it is quite possible that you will see photographs of the city of Santo Domingo in the news reel.

Editor's Note: We have had many letters requesting a hobby page. So very soon we are planning to tell you of some fascinating and original hobbies.

Watch this space for further announcements.



## Dead Country Packet

Contains 18 all different countries which no longer issue stamps. Epirus, Ingbermanland, Crete, Prussia, White Russia, Victoria, New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland, former German Colonies and many others. This packet of stamps from obsolete countries for only 10c to approval applicants.

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## 3 SAAR Complete 15c

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## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### A Puzzling Valentine

A certain very popular Girl Scout has been the recipient of many beautiful and interesting Valentines this year. The puzzle people who prepare the perplexing Puzzle Pack page have also sent her one, but with it also goes some work to do in the form of solving a problem.

It seems that this Valentine contains a string of queerly jumbled letters, the word "The", and two blank spaces. It was not long, however, before our puzzling friend discovered that the letters would make the name, THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Now, the problem was to get these letters back into their proper order according to the particular directions which came with the Valentine. This was done by marking the letters on little squares of cardboard and laying them out in the order shown. The word "The" is on one square and counts as one letter. The two blanks do not require cardboards but are merely spaces for the letters to "move into".

Having them all placed properly before her, our friend was to continue by moving two side-by-side letters into empty spaces until the words "The American Girl" were formed. (Remember, "The" counts as one letter.) Of course, when two letters are moved into the two spaces at the end, it creates two new spaces for some other letters to move into.

The complete change can be made in twelve moves. Can you do it?

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Military exercise
2. Round-up of cattle
3. Mental images
4. A contract for renting
5. One who does not win

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, transform SNOW into RAIN in seven moves.

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, seven new words will be formed. The seven added letters will spell the name of a tropical

island somewhere near the United States.

1. Lend 2. Late 3. Ages 4. Arch
5. Sage 6. Rags 7. Tone

### Ye Olde Time Riddle

What is the difference between an auction and seasickness?

### A Charade

My first is in muse and also in mule,  
My second in reign is never in rule,  
My third is in dream but not in wish,  
My fourth is in plate and never in dish,  
My fifth in state is not in land,  
And yet in sea and also strand.  
My whole, a famous king of old  
Who, by a prayer, was cursed with gold.

### Geographic Acrostic

The first and last letters of the eight four-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two countries in Europe.

1. A boy attendant
2. Rowing appliances
3. Peace disturbance
4. Technology (abbreviation)
5. To
6. A dress
7. Prefix meaning against
8. Volcanic matter

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

A PROBLEM IN STARS: C+Apple-Cap+VI-V+Spades-SP=PLEIADES. The stars are arranged like this:

```

  * * *
  * * *
  * * *
  * * *
  * * *
  
```

### PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

```

T H O N G
H O M E R
O M E G A
N E G U S
G R A S P
  
```

WORD JUMPING: Furs, firs, fire, fare, care, case, cast, coat.

ADD A LETTER: The eight added letters spell VICTORIA.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: One has claws at the end of its paws and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses.

AN ENIGMA: My Old Kentucky Home.

GEOGRAPHIC ACROSTIC: Nait, esru, paen, anti, lens.

NEPAL, TUNIS.

WORD BUILDING: Rig, prig, sprig, spring, sparring, sparring.

You have a chance to be our Star Reporter—Read the rules on page twenty-five

---

# READY FOR YOU—

## The New Official Girl Scout Camp Uniform

The middy and bloomer suit is of Girl Scout green pamico cloth, made with a thought to the stresses and strains of camp life. The middy has carefully fitted sides, and the long sleeves have buttoned cuffs, that may be easily rolled up. The pleated bloomers have an adjustable waist band. Pamico cloth is a basket weave and launders easily, a feature experienced campers will appreciate. The suit, No. R110, is.....\$3.75.

There is also a well-made Girl Scout green chambray middy and bloomers suit, No. R109, for.....\$2.50.

The windsor tie is of mercerized washable material and may be dark green, red, purple, blue, yellow, or brown. No. R625.....25 cents each.

There is also a folded silk tie for special occasions that comes in the same colors, brown excepted. No. R626.....  
80 cents each.

Dark green stockings of ribbed lisle that will not rip every time you brush by a



Made by  
The Goldman-Baer Co.  
Baltimore, Md.  
Makers of Official  
Girl Scout Uniforms  
"Freshie" Frocks for  
Girls, Juniors, Misses  
"Bonnie Briar" Skirts  
Blouses

twig, are worn with the camp uniform. They are durable and very good looking. No. 906.....50 cents.

Ankle socks have been added to the Girl Scout's wardrobe. These are of light green wool mixture with a decorated band of darker design around the top. No. J909.....75 cents a pair.

Keds, white, with green trimmings have been made to wear with the Girl Scout camp uniform. No. J156, sizes 2-6.....  
\$1.85 a pair.  
No. J157, sizes 2-8.....\$2.00 a pair.

A pull-over sweater of dark green wool jersey adds a warm touch in case of bird-walks in the dawn or chilly weather. It is the same shade of green as the stockings and beret, and a great comfort. No. J511..... \$4.50.

For weather that is even chillier the heavy dark green shaker coat sweater is ideal. No. J506.....\$8.00.

A beret of dark green is the best of head-gear for camp—for stray locks may be tucked into it, and at odd moments it can be easily stowed away in a pocket. No. R601 ..... \$1.25.

---

## THE GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

670 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

---



America's  
home town  
discovers  
*the pause that refreshes*



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*It had to be good to get where it is*

